

SECRET SERVICE

OLD KING BRADY AND THE BRAUDY DETECTIVE

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No. 1272

NEW YORK, JUNE 8, 1923

Price 7 Cents

THE BRAUDYS AND THE FATAL LETTER; OR, THE MESSENGER BOY'S SECRET.

BY A NEW-YORK DETECTIVE
AND OTHER STORIES



The situation had now become desperate. The two men were doing their best to push away the ladder. The Messenger Boy could do nothing. Harry crawled on the ladder, trying to reach him. "Back! Hands off!" Old King Brady cried.

Are You Listening In? See RADIO, Page 24

SECRET SERVICE

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The Bradys and the Fatal Letter OR, THE MESSENGER BOY'S SECRET

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CHAPTER I.—The Bradys Busy On A Chicago Case.

When Anderson's bank in Chicago went up everybody claimed to have long known its weakness, and it was "I told you so" all along the line. But it was not so. Nobody had suspected that Hiram Anderson was plunging wildly in grain, pork and everything else dealt in on the Board of Trade. In spite of what everybody said—and does not everybody always say it—the crash took the financial world entirely by surprise. A receiver was appointed, experts were put on the books, but there was little in the shape of either cash or good securities in evidence. As for the once high and mighty Hiram, where, oh where, was he?

Nobody knew. The banker vanished the night before the failure was announced, leaving his secretary, J. D. Lovett, behind him to do the announcing. This man was one of the cool kind; a perfect sphinx, in fact. He claimed to have been ruined through the rascality of his principal. Some of the directors believed it, and some didn't. The secretary declared that he had nothing to do with the books. The head accountant of the bank, in accordance with modern ideas, had been a woman, a Miss Canfield. Singularly enough, this person was killed in an automobile accident the day before Mr. Anderson disappeared. And thus stood matters at Anderson's bank on a certain afternoon in July, when Mr. Secretary Lovett, who had been writing a letter instead of dictating it to the stenographer, sealed and addressed the same, and then gave the call for a messenger boy.

This action was observed by two persons in the private office. One was Mr. Filson, the director who had taken charge under the receiver. The other was a young man, by the name of White, who by Mr. Filson's request, had been put on as an expert accountant, and who was now conducting an extra examination of the books as a sort of checker against the two experts who were at work in the main room of the bank. Mr. Secretary Lovett was quite well aware that he was being observed. He showed not the least nervousness when a messenger boy, bearing on his cap and badge the number 1182, entered the office.

"Here, boy!" called Lovett as the messenger stood looking around.

The boy approached the desk.

"You are to take this letter to Mr. Henry Silverman, at this address," said the secretary. "You are to deliver it only into his own hands. If you do not find him, or if he should happen to be out, you will return the letter to me—see?"

"All right, sir," replied 1182. "I understand."

He was off in a moment. Mr. Secretary Lovett lit a cigar and began putting things to rights on his desk. It looked as if he was preparing to depart. Director Filson twisted uneasily in his spring chair.

"Pardon me, Mr. Lovett," he said, "but that letter had nothing to do with bank business, I presume?"

"Nothing whatever," replied the secretary, flipping the ashes from his cigar. "Strictly a private affair."

Mr. Secretary Lovett closed his desk and put on his hat.

"I don't suppose you want anything further of me to-night?" he asked.

"No; I think not."

"Very well. Then I'm off. Good-night, Mr. Filson."

"Good-night, Mr. Lovett. Good-night, sir," replied the director, and with that the secretary walked out.

Mr. Filson arose and peeped through the door leading into the bank.

"He has gone," he said in a minute. "Did you get the address with that mirror of yours?"

"Yes," replied White. "It was a hard job, but I caught it, and I don't think he saw me do it, either."

"I am not sure he didn't. I was watching him closely all the time. But what was the address?"

"Henry Silverman, 2062 Carondelet avenue."

"Let us look in the directory."

Mr. Filson hurried into the front office and returned with the directory. He was slow working over the bulky book, but presently he announced:

"No such address attached to any Henry Silverman."

"The name is there?"

"Yes. There are five of them. What do you think?"

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"Maybe Anderson. You know it is Old King Brady's theory that the man has not left Chicago."

"I am sure it is Anderson. You better get out there ahead of the boy, in your automobile."

"Very well."

"If you could only manage to pick up Old King Brady on the way."

"That will be impossible, for I have no idea where Old King Brady is. But I think I am equal to the situation."

"You certainly ought to be. Lose no time."

White vanished on the instant. Around the corner on Monroe street, a small automobile stood in waiting.

"Two thousand and sixty-two Carondolet avenue," said the young man, getting aboard the machine. The chauffeur started at once.

"That party went away in an auto, sir," he said, once they were started.

"Which way was he heading when you last saw him?"

"West."

"All right. Keep your eye open for him; also for Old King Brady. Take him aboard if by any chance we are fortunate enough to meet him."

"Very good, sir," replied the chauffeur, and no more was said until their destination was almost reached.

"The next street is Carondelet avenue," remarked the chauffeur then.

"I know," was the reply. "Stop about the middle of the block and wait."

The halt was made. White got out of the machine and hurried around the corner. The number 2062 proved to be on the next block. White, whose eyes were everywhere, saw nothing of either automobile or messenger boy. Two thousand and sixty-two proved to be attached to a three-story frame flat. It was a house even shabbier than its neighbors, and there was a torn bill against the weatherboards announcing the top flat to rent. White came along on the opposite side of the street, and as he came up to the number he saw a tall man leaning against a fence which enclosed a vacant lot further down. Immediately he hurried towards him, muttering:

"Old King Brady at last! This is dumb luck!"

There would have been no difficulty in anyone who had ever seen the world-famous old detective recognizing him. For Old King Brady, when not in disguise, and he was not so now, always affects a peculiar style of dress. We refer to the long blue coat with brass buttons, the old-fashioned stock and stand-up collar, and the big white felt hat with its extraordinary broad brim. But young White, as we have thus far chosen to call him, would have been able to recognize Old King Brady in many disguises, for he has seen him in many. For truth told, he was the old detective's partner, Young King Brady, the junior of that famous firm of sleuths, the Bradys Detective Bureau, of Union Square, New York City.

And these detectives, accompanied by their equally famous female associate, Miss Alice Montgomery, had come to Chicago at the request of Director Filson, to see what could be done towards finding Hiram Anderson, and rescuing some of the vanished cash of his once wonderful bank.

"Well, Governor, I see you are right on the job," remarked Young King Brady as he approached the old man.

"Exactly," was the reply. "But what on earth brings you here, Harry? I thought you were a fixture down at the bank."

"Not so much of a fixture that I can't get unfixed in a hurry if there is anything doing," was the reply.

And Young King Brady went on to explain about the letter written by Secretary Lovett.

"That settles it," said Old King Brady. "Anderson is hiding in that house across the wall under the name of Silverman. I thought as much."

"How long have you been here?"

"Over three hours."

"Tedious work."

"It is, indeed. I am glad you came, for this not only confirms my theory, but it makes me feel certain that Lovett is in the deal. As you are aware, Harry, I have suspected that from the first."

"I know you have. One thing is sure, Mr. Lovett is a very slick proposition."

"You are right. Let us get in behind this fence. There are two knotholes though which we can peep. They could not be better places if they had been bored for the purpose."

They adjourned behind the fence. They waited some time, but neither auto nor messenger boy put in an appearance.

"What is Alice about?" Harry asked at last.

"I haven't seen her since yesterday," replied Old King Brady. "I understood from what she told me over the telephone that she has been trying to work in with some woman to whom Anderson has been paying attention. There was something wrong with the wire. I couldn't get the name nor the address."

"She will get out of it whatever there is in it, though."

"Yes. Alice is one of the reliable ones. Don't I hear an automobile coming now?"

"Yes, but Lovett is not in it. Just a chauffeur and two ladies."

"Oh, I see."

Harry saw the auto go on past the house without stopping, as he had expected it would.

"It is time for the messenger boy to be here," he remarked.

"Perhaps he is not one of the swift kind."

"He did not look it. Hold on! Here comes a messenger boy now!"

Old King Brady got his eye up against the other peep-hole.

"Well, is he the right one?" he asked.

And then in a minute Harry added:

"Yes. He is the boy."

It was Messenger 1182. He came down the avenue whistling and looking up at the numbers. A moment later and he turned in at the door of 2062. And the Bradys saw him ring the top floor bell, and apply his ear to the speaking tube.

CHAPTER II.—What Happened On the Ladder.

The messenger boy's name was Charley Angel, but he was an angel only in name. Without the faintest idea that he was going to get mixed

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up in a case of the famous Bradys detectives, Charley, who had certainly taken his time in getting out to Carondolet avenue, pressed the bell of the top floor of No. 2062, and at the same time applied his ear to the speaking tube, as we have seen. After a brief wait a man's voice called down asking who was there.

"Messenger!" replied Charley. "Got a letter for Mr. Silverman."

"Who gave you the letter?"

"A gent down in La Salle street. Anderson's bank."

"What is his name?"

"I dunno, boss. He didn't tell me."

"Describe him."

"Well, boss, he was kinder short, and had a black beard. He told me to take the letter to Mr. Silverman, and if I didn't find him to fetch it back."

"All right. I am Mr. Silverman. I am opening the door. Come up to the top floor."

The latch clicked and the messenger boy vanished. When he reached the top floor he found a tall man, wearing green spectacles, standing at the head of the stairs. The man also wore a bushy red beard.

"Give me the letter," he said.

Charley delivered the letter and asked the man to sign the book. The man signed the book and Charley started to depart.

"Wait," said the man, "there may be an answer."

He tore open the letter, and as he read it gave a loud cry, threw up his hands and sank to the floor.

"Gee! He has trowed a fit!" gasped Charley. "What shall I do?"

The man was gasping, too—like a fish out of water.

"Boy!" he said hollowly. "Vinegar! Put it to my nose! Quick!"

Charley rushed about tryin gto find the vinegar. At last he discovered a bottle of the stuff in a closet, and he knelt down and applied it to Mr. Silverman's nose. If he had by any chance looked at the window just then he would have seen a man's face peering in under the bottom sash, which was partly raised. He was a dark man with a croppy black beard. In fact he looked remarkably like Secretary Lovett, of the Anderson bank. But if the owner of these eyes was Secretary Lovett, what then was the man standing on? For behind this house was a court yard, shallow to be sure, but still at least six feet deep, and this happened on the top floor.

But as Charley Angel did not see the face, he was not speculating on this question, but continued his attempt to revive Mr. Silverman. And in this he presently succeeded. With a groan the man, who a minute before had appeared to be unconscious, opened his eyes and then staggered to his feet and dropped into a chair. When he fell the green glasses fell off, and when he arose he was not only without them, but the red beard was all crooked.

"Gee! Dem whiskers is false, surest ting," thought 1182. "Dis must be crooked biz, sure!"

The man was still gasping. His face was a deep purple. If Charley had been better posted he would have perceived that Mr. Henry Silverman had just had one partial stroke of apoplexy,

and was liable to have another, and a full-fledged one, at any moment. But if 1182 did not realize the danger, the disguised man did.

"Boy!" he said, "I am a very sick man. I believe I am dying. This letter you brought me has been a fatal letter for me."

"Shall I go for a doctor?"

"In a minute, yet. But listen! I am about to give you a letter. When you come back from the doctor's, if I am dead, you deliver that letter to Miss Arabella Flynn, No. — Hermitage avenue. Write that down in your book."

Charley obeyed.

"Now go for the doctor," said Mr. Silverman. "You will find one on the next block. Dr. Hindmarch. Tell him he is wanted at once."

"But stay!" he hastily added. "Let me first have a look out of the front window to see if the detectives are watching this house. If they are, you will have to leave it by another way."

If 1182 had looked out the back window then he would have seen that a ladder had been placed between that window and the window of a house immediately in the rear. Down that ladder, which was on something of a slant, a man was slowly descending backward. Meanwhile the rich man staggered into the front room, opened the blinds and looked out.

"It is as I feared," he said, gaspingly. "This house is being watched by detectives."

"After you, boss?" demanded Charley.

"Unfortunately, yes. Look here!"

He led the way to the back window and showed Charley the ladder.

"If you can get down that ladder and in through that window, you can easily make the street without being seen," Mr. Silverman said. "Are you game to try it?"

"Sure ting, boss. Dat's dead easy if de ladder will only bear."

Mr. Silverman fumbled in his pocket and produced a ten dollar bill.

"Yours," he said. "Help me as best you can, and there will be more coming, boy."

1182 promptly collared the bill.

"Now go," said Mr. Silverman, "and remember I am trusting you to deliver that letter in case you find me dead upon your return."

Suddenly Mr. Silverman clapped his hand to his head and fell like a log.

"Gee! He's a goner dis time, sure ting!" gasped Charley.

He ran for the vinegar. But Mr. Silverman was past vinegar now. He was past everything, in fact. In short, the man was dead. It took 1182—a few minutes to realize this, but at last he did. Then curiosity got the better of him. He pulled the false beard away.

"Gee! Dis guy is Anderson, de banker, what swiped all dat money!" he exclaimed.

The banker's picture had figured in the papers for over a week. Charley recognized him at a glance.

"Say, dere's a reward out for him!" he said to himself. "Mebbe I can scoop it in."

It was just at this instant that there came a thunderous knocking at the door.

"Open up here!" a stern voice cried. "Open the door, or we break it in!"

"De detectives!" gasped Charley. "It's slope for mine!"

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He climbed on the window ledge. At the same instant the door came in with a crash. It was Old King Brady and Harry, of course. They had seen the supposed Silverman when he looked out the front window. Moreover, Old King Brady was certain that he recognized the banker. It took a few moments to get into the house, and now here the detectives were to find themselves with a corpse to deal with instead of a living man. But there was the messenger boy in the act of climbing out the window.

"Hold on, there!" cried Harry. "What are you about? Did you kill this man?"

It was rather a foolish thing to say, for the case was self-evident. It also aroused the messenger boy's fears of arrest, and he started to climb down the ladder head foremost.

"Stop him!" cried Old King Brady.

Harry got on the ladder. His intention was to follow the messenger boy through to the other house and there get him. Suddenly two men appeared at the other window. Young King Brady recognized one as Mr. Lovett, and the secretary recognized him.

"Drop that ladder!" he shouted to his companion.

The situation had now become desperate. The two men were doing their best to push away the ladder.

"Back! Hands off!" Old King Brady cried, at the same time whipping out his revolver and covering the secretary.

This was enough to send the rascally pair back out of sight.

"Back! Back, both of you!" shouted the old detective. "The ladder is slipping."

He drew away to give Harry his chance. Before Charley Angel could follow Harry the ladder lost its hold. Down it went into the court yard below,

"Heavens and earth, boy! You have had a narrow escape!" gasped Old King Brady. "I must have been mad when I ordered you on that ladder."

"That messenger boy is done for!" cried Harry. Regardless of the danger of being shot at from the other window, the Bradys looked down into the court.

"Done for, nothing!" exclaimed Harry. "What an escape! That time I was all off!"

The ladder had gone straight down, landing on its end. Now it was leaning against the building with the messenger boy clinging to it halfway up. And as the Bradys looked the boy got busy. Down he scrambled, and instantly vanished.

"After him, Harry!" cried Old King Brady. "I must investigate the state of things here, for this is Hiram Anderson beyond a doubt."

"Shall I go for Lovett, too?" demanded Harry as he ran out through the door.

"Yes; do so," was the reply, and a second later Young King Brady was gone.

CHAPTER III.—Facts, Theories and Arabella Flynn.

Gone, to speedily return! When Harry came back into the top hall he found a number of people gathered. These were the tenants of the

floors below, who had heard the racket and had been sent upstairs out of curiosity.

"Keep back, all of you," Old King Brady ordered. "Make room there! My partner wants to get in. This business is in our hands."

Harry entered and the door was shut.

"Well?" demanded the old detective.

"I didn't get either of them, Governor," Young King Brady replied.

"No? And why not?"

"The boy must have escaped through the lower hall. I could find nothing of him. When I realized that I chased around to the other street and went upstairs. These rooms are vacant. I broke in, but there was no one. When I got back on the street I met a man who told me that two men, one answering the description of Lovett, had just gone away in an automobile."

"Too bad! It is the worst about Lovett. We shall have a job to lay our hands on him. The messenger boy, I presume, can be easily found if we want him, which I doubt."

"Why so?"

"Why, Harry, this is clearly a case of apoplexy. It is my belief the letter Lovett gave that boy is what proved fatal to this man."

"How do you dope that out?"

Old King Brady found the fatal letter lying on the table, and he now handed it to Harry. It read as follows:

"Anderson.—You infernal old rascal, did you really think for a moment that I ever had any serious intention of keeping my compact with you?

"Not on your life!"

"I have been just playing you for a fool all through this business, and now that I have got matters worked around to where I want them, I am ready to throw off the mask I have so long worn. You think me your friend, or, at least, did until you read thus far."

"The truth is, old man, I am your bitter enemy. I hate you with a deadly hatred—have for years, and now is the hour of my revenge! To-night I disappear from Chicago forever, and take with me the round half million which you secretly left in my charge."

"You used to say that you were due to die of apoplexy. If that is true, it is my earnest hope that this letter will prove a fatal letter to you, and bring on a strike."

"The Bradys of New York are on your trail, and you know they have a reputation of never failing in what they undertake. I have positively learned that the fellow White, engaged by Filson is a checker on the expert accountants, is none other than Young King Brady himself."

"As for Old King Brady, he is after you all right, so beware and light out while there is still time."

"Your enemy first, last and forever, JIM."

"That's a tough pill for a man to swallow!" cried Harry, as he handed the letter back.

"Isn't it, then?" replied Old King Brady. "I don't wonder it proved fatal to this old scoundrel."

"Have you searched him?"

"Yes, and I have taken from him about \$5,000

in cash. Nothing else on him which has any bearing on our case."

"It is a bad job. If I could only have caught Lovett!"

"There was no show for that from the start. The man recognized us both, of course, and lost no time. Now we have got to begin all over again, and get on his trail."

Among the people in the hall was a woman who had acted as janitress of the house, and Old King Brady now called her into the room.

"You want to keep an eye out here," he said. "We are going for the police. The remains must not be disturbed until they come."

And they went. A reward had been offered for the capture of Hiram Anderson, but whether or not it applied to his corpse the Bradys did not stop to enquire. They merely reported the case at the nearest station and went their way. And Harry's automobile took them next to Mr. Filson's house. The director who had never directed was disgusted.

"To tell you the truth, Mr. Brady, I suspected Lovett of being in the deal from the first," he said; adding:

"But he must be found. We want that money to the last dollar, but let me tell you, half a million don't begin to cover it."

"So my partner thinks," replied Old King Brady. "All I know is what the fatal letter says."

"What a pity we did not arrest Lovett at the start," sighed Filson.

"It would have been foolish as matters stood," cried Harry. "All we can do now is to get on his trail. Where does the man live?"

"At the Ardmore apartments, on North La Salle street," replied Mr. Filson, "but I doubt if you find him there now."

"I have little expectation of doing so," replied Old King Brady. "Still we can make a try for it."

"Whatever do you suppose brought Lovett there in those vacant rooms? Who was that man with him? Why was the ladder placed as we saw it?" questioned Harry when they got aboard the automobile.

"Softly! One question at a time," replied Old King Brady. "Now first about the ladder. My theory is that Anderson had it placed there himself so as to give him a chance to escape in case detectives came. The janitress told me that the ladder was put there by the agent, who would hardly have done so if Anderson had not ordered it."

"Good! I accept that theory."

"As to the other man, we might speculate until the cows come home, and arrive at no conclusion. He was a rough looking fellow. Doubtless a mere tool of Lovett's. As for Lovett's own presence in the room, it seems to me that he may have been spying on the ladder, anxious to learn how Anderson took the fatal letter."

It was a mere theory, of course; but, as we know, Old King Brady had come very close to the truth.

"We want that messenger boy, Governor."

"Well, we will try to get him. What was his number? Do you know?"

"Yes. 1182."

"We will go for him. But first it is the Sher-

man House. I am anxious about Alice. There may be some word."

There was, and the word came from Alice Montgomery herself, who was at the hotel waiting for the Bradys when they arrived.

"So the man is dead!" exclaimed Alice, when she was told all.

"Well, I know one person who will be sorry, and that is the woman I have been watching, Miss Arabella Flynn."

"You are satisfied that she is the woman Anderson has been paying attention to?" demanded the old detective.

"Perfectly so. I have it from her own lips."

"But tell me, Alice! have you ever heard this woman allude to Lovett?"

"Never! Nor has she alluded to Anderson more than once, and that was only to confide to me that she had been engaged to him, and expected to marry him in September. Of course she is bitterly disappointed at the turn affairs have taken."

"How did Anderson get acquainted with her?"

"I don't know. I dare say I shall find out now, though. But really I ought to be going, Mr. Brady."

"You shall go in the automobile, and I shall go with you," said Harry.

Alice's designation was the number on Hermitage avenue to which Hiram Anderson told the messenger boy to take the letter. But if the letter had been delivered Miss Flynn told Alice nothing about it. The place was a boarding house, and Alice had secured the next room to Arabella Flynn. As soon as she entered her own room Alice knocked on the dividing door.

"Is that you, Miss Bristol?" called a voice from the other room.

"It is, Miss Flynn. I have something important to tell you," Alice replied.

The door was unlocked by a tall blonde woman of at least forty, possessing considerable beauty of a certain type.

"What is the matter?" she demanded.

"Why you must prepare yourself for a shock," said Alice.

"Don't tell me Anderson is dead!" Arabella cried.

"It is what I have to tell you," replied Alice. "He fell dead of apoplexy at 2062 Carondelet avenue late this afternoon."

Arabella Flynn made a dive into her closet, got her hat and began to pin it on.

"What are you going to do?" demanded Alice. "I'm going around there."

"Shall I go with you?"

"No. I prefer to go alone."

And with this Arabella Flynn hurriedly left the house.

CHAPTER IV.—The Angel Starts on a Career of Crime.

And while all these things were going on, what had become of messenger boy 1182? Well may the question be asked, for when Old King Brady asked it at the office to which Charley Angel was attached, the manager could not answer it. 1182 had been despatched to Anderson's bank on a call hours before. He had neither been seen nor

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heard of since. Probably the only thing that saved Charley when the ladder fell was the fact that he was too badly scared to think. Then he simply held on to the round which he had been grasping, and when the ladder landed in the court yard, fell back against the building and stood upright there was Charley holding on still. He was badly shaken up, of course, but when he came to take an account of stock, so to speak, he made the pleasing discovery that he was not hurt a bit. Then down the ladder went Charley, but he did not go out through the house in which Hiram Anderson had been hiding—not he! The house on the other street also backed on this court. The hall door stood open, and Charley, to use his own expression, "beat it" in a hurry. He was just in the act of going out of the front door when he saw Secretary Lovett and his companion getting into an automobile. Charley, like a wise angel, held back until they were gone. Then he took to his heels and never stopped until he hit Madison street. For once pedestrians in that part of the Windy City were treated to the unusual sight of a messenger boy getting over the ground as fast as he could.

Instead of reporting at the office as he should have done, Charley went home. Home for him meant a dirty little bedroom in Mrs. Blank's boarding house on Desplaines street, which Charley shared with Fritz Blank, his landlady's son, for 1182 was only a waif, and had not the most remote idea who was responsible for his coming into the world. Charley's first idea was to take his chum Fritz into his confidence, and that they would go for those millions together. And that was the time Fritz missed his chance, for had he been home at the time 1182 reached the room this confidence undoubtedly would have taken place.

But Fritz was absent, and Charley, locking the door unblushingly opened the letter to Arabella Flynn and devoured its contents.

"Dear Arabella.—When this reaches your hand I shall be dead. I don't know how sincere you have been in your devotion to me, but this much I say to you, I loved you all I was capable of loving any one by myself. I leave no friend behind me but you. Consequently I leave you heir to all my wealth.

"I don't know how much I differ from most men, but this I do know, I shall never die a pauper whatever may happen. The crash which is about to overwhelm my bank was not altogether unexpected. Finding which way I was drifting, I began to secrete money in order to protect myself and have something to begin again with in case I failed to weather the storm.

"This fund, Arabella, I bequeath to you. In a way you may consider that you have no right to it, and that it belongs to my creditors. But this is not true; I have not added a dollar to it since I knew that my failure was inevitable. So take it and keep it. Say nothing to any one. But if you are wise you will leave Chicago, and take care for a while not to make too much of a display of your wealth.

"Now, then, as to the location of this money. It is all in a steel box which I had made for the purpose. That box lies concealed between the ceiling and the roof in Buckhalts cork works, on

Ratey street, in the Goose Island district. That building is a part of my assets. I took it for a debt after the Buckhalts people failed over a year ago, and the place is now unoccupied. The enclosed key will admit you. As for the rest, you must climb the scuttle ladder and pull out the panel in the scuttle frame; then crawl in between the roof and the ceiling, following the boards I have laid down, and you will soon come to the box.

"Arabella, you have, during your experience on the variety stage, often made up as a man. Do it now. Go to Ratey street at night in male disguise, and look sharp to yourself that you are not trailed there by any of the numerous detectives who have been trailing me. When you get the box, light out of Chicago as quick as the trains can. Hiram."

1182 finished this long epistle at last. He looked in the envelope when he came to the allusion to the key and found it; a small, flat affair, evidently belonging to a Yale lock.

"Gee! 'And is dat all!'" muttered the angel.

He felt as if he had lost just nine and a half millions. And that was the time Charley Angel's confidence in the Chicago journals received such a jolt that nothing was ever able to restore it. But half a million seemed better than nothing. Charley resolved to go for it. Enclosed with the letter was a blank sheet of paper. Charley wondered at it, and at first was going to throw it away, but on second thought he concluded to keep everything intact until he actually had the treasure in his hand.

Ten o'clock came, and Charley started for Goose Island. He knew all about this extensive manufacturing district. In fact there was no district in Chicago that 1182 did not know, but he could not remember ever having heard of Ratey street, so he concluded that it must be the name attached to one of the many blind alleys, in that crowded section, and so it proved. There were two buildings on Ratey street, and one of them sure enough bore the sign "cork works," over its cornice, while lower down was painted the firm name:

"Buckhalts & Co."

And the building filled the bill. It was a long brick factory. The windows were pretty nearly all broken. As Charley put it to himself, the place was "on the hog."

There were three doors, and as there was no one in evidence in the alley Charley began his explorations by trying to find out to which one the flat key belonged. He easily located it, and having opened the door, it suddenly occurred to him that he was not going to be able to do anything in the dark.

"I've gotter have a lantern, dat's a sure thing," thought the messenger boy. "It's a wonder I ever could have been sich a fool as not to think of it before."

But where was he going to get his lantern? Charley scratched his head a few minutes, and then remembered that at a certain place which he had passed on his way to Ratey street, men had been tearing down an old factory, and that there were red lanterns placed on the rubbish heaps to warn pedestrians of their danger.

So he chased back to this point, and after

watching out for a few minutes for a watchman, and seeing none, Chaney began his crooked work by swiping a lantern. He immediately blew it out, and hiding it under his coat, started back for Ratey street.

CHAPTER V.—Alice Captured by Mistake.

Alice was very doubtful about remaining behind in the Hermitage avenue house after Arabella Flynn went away. She would have shadowed the woman, but she had been at so much trouble to gain her confidence that she hated to run the risk of losing it now by a misstep. Alice improved her opportunity. It was the first time she had been able to get into Miss Flynn's room alone, for the woman kept very close. Alice at once proceeded to make a careful examination of her effects. But what she learned did not amount to very much. As the hours dragged, and Miss Flynn did not return, Alice became alarmed. At eleven o'clock, finding her still absent, Alice decided to give it up and go to bed. It was just as she was about to carry out her intention when she heard the voice of a chambermaid call:

"Miss Flynn! Note for you!"

Alice jumped up and was about to open the door when a sealed letter came flying over the transom, which happened to be open, and the woman could be heard retreating. Alice picked up the letter. It read as follows:

"If Miss Flynn will step to the corner she will receive important information about Hiram Anderson."

"A Friend."

"Now what does this mean?" Alice asked herself.

Alice is perfectly fearless. Feeling that her revolver and detective's shield were sufficient protection, she determined to respond to the call, and to play the part of Arabella Flynn or not, just as circumstances seemed to dictate. So she slipped out of the house without any attempt to disguise herself, her curiosity pretty well aroused as to what she might encounter. The note had not stated which corner Arabella Flynn was to "step" to, but as one happened to be much nearer than the other, Alice assumed that this was probably the one referred to, and she walked that way. A cab stood at that corner, and this made it seem more likely that she was right. She was the only person on the block, and it is probable that her movements were being watched, for as she approached the cab the door opened and a man looked out and beckoned to her. But Alice did not altogether like the presence of the cab. She took good care not to venture too near, but instead stopped in the middle of the sidewalk. Meanwhile the man had opened the cab door wider, and he now leaned forward, saying:

"Miss Flynn, I came to tell you that Hiram Anderson is dead."

"He does not know Miss Flynn. That is certain," thought Alice.

And aloud she quietly asked:

"When did he die?"

"About six o'clock this afternoon," replied the man, who was rather a rough looking fellow, adding:

"He dropped dead in his room on Carondelet avenue. I suppose you know well enough where that is."

"As it happens, I don't," replied Alice. "But is this all you have to say to me?"

"Not quite," replied the man, and the words were scarcely spoken when a cloth of some kind suddenly dropped over Alice's head.

A man wearing rubber-soled shoes had crept up behind her. For once Alice was caught napping. Instantly her arms were pinioned to her sides, and she was pushed forward towards the door of the cab. Before Alice knew where she was at she was half pushed into the cab. Her captor entered after her, and Alice, wedged in between two men, was whirled away. She took it coolly, of course. She always does, being used to the many strange situations which seem to form a part of her chosen profession. Before they had gone far the horse blanket which had been thrown over her head was removed, and Alice found herself looking into the muzzle of a revolver. The man with the revolver started to talk after a minute:

"You see this revolver, Miss Flynn?" he asked.
"I should be blind if I didn't," retorted Alice.

"There's a bullet in it," added the man.

"So I suppose," replied Alice, coolly.

"In fact there are six," added the man.

"And all for me if I don't behave myself. Is that what you mean?"

"You read my thoughts."

"That's because I am a mind reader," sneered Alice. "You did not know that, I presume."

"You were engaged to Hiram Anderson?"

"I believe he considered it an engagement."

"He is dead."

"So this party on the other side of me remarked: Who killed him? You?"

"He dropped dead of apoplexy. You know he always expected to die that way."

"I believe I have heard him say so, but as he was always growling about his health, I never paid particular attention."

"Upon my word, you could not have loved him very much. You don't seem to care a rap whether he is dead or not."

"It is none of your business how much I loved him. Will you explain the meaning of this outrage?"

"I am coming to it right now. Before he died, Hiram Anderson gave a letter to a messenger boy to be delivered to you. Did you get it?"

"It is none of your business whether I did or not."

"I am satisfied that you did, and you have got to give that letter to me."

"I can't do it in this cab."

"You haven't the letter with you?"

"No."

"Why don't you search her, boss?" said the other man. "What's the sense of sitting here listening to all this piffle?"

"It will be simply useless for you to search me," retorted Alice. "I tell you again, and it is the truth, I have not got the letter you refer to with me."

"I believe you," said the man, with the revolver. "Just the same I am going to search you, but I don't do it here in the cab. Now then, tell me

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how much of Hiram Anderson's money have you got stowed away?"

"Not one cent."

"I'll put it differently. How much of the money Hiram Anderson stole have you got stowed away?"

"My answer to that question is the same as to the other. Not one cent."

"I believe you lie."

"Yes, Mr. No-gentleman. It is like your kind to tell a lady she lies."

"Anderson got away with at least a million."

"I know nothing about it. He never gave me any money."

"I question that."

"Ah, ha! You are learning manners by degrees. I question that's is a little better than plain you lie."

"Come, come, Miss Flynn. There is no sense in this fencing."

"I quite agree with you. It is quite a senseless proceeding."

"I have every reason to believe that Anderson had at least half a million stowed away. I happen to know that he was without a relative in the world, and practically without a friend except yourself. He once told me that in case he died he intended to leave you all his property. Now all his property has been attached by the receiver of the Anderson bank, and precious little it amounts to, but that doesn't say that he hasn't stowed away money, and that you haven't got the clue to where it is."

"You seem to be pretty well posted about Mr. Anderson's affairs."

"I am."

"I can think of only one man who should be so well posted, and his name begins with an L."

"It makes no difference who or what I am," was the reply. "I am out for the money—Hiram Anderson's hidden money. I mean to get it, too."

"You say a lot—too much, in fact. As for me, I have nothing further to say."

And Alice was as good as her word. She was satisfied that the man was none other than Secretary Lovett. She was also tired of talking, and she resolved to see what a little silence would do. But it accomplished nothing. Her captor was indeed J. D. Lovett. He accepted Alice's challenge to stop talking, and during the remainder of the ride said no more. At last the cab stopped, and Alice, looking out, saw that they had drawn up before a ruinous old factory. She had followed their route in a general way, and she knew that this must be located somewhere on the North Side.

"Is this your prison?" she now asked.

"This is your prison," replied Lovett, "but you don't have to enter it."

"Take me in at once, sir. You are asking the impossible, or in other words, that I shall give up money which I haven't got, and tell you things which I don't know."

"Your wish shall be granted," sneered Lovett.

He threw open the door and sprang out. Alice was about to follow him, but the other man caught her arm.

"Wait," he said. "Take your time."

Lovett opened the door with a key, and then waving his hand, his companions led Alice inside

the factory. As he crossed the sidewalk Alice was able to read the large signs painted on the building, for the moon was at her full.

"Cork Works. Buckholts & Co." was what she made out.

CHAPTER VI.—Putting It Up to 1128.

There did not appear to be anything further for the Bradys to do that night, so they went to bed, hoping to hear something from Alice in the morning which would give them a good working clue, but no word came over the telephone as had been arranged. When the detectives looked over the morning papers they found a full account of Hiram Anderson's death, with their names mixed in with it.

It seemed that while the coroner was examining the remains, Miss Arabella Flynn suddenly put in an appearance at the Carondelet street flat, and announcing herself as engaged to Mr. Anderson, had demanded what money he had about him, and his papers and other effects, enforcing her demand by producing a will signed by Mr. Anderson, leaving her everything he might die possessed of. This will was dated the day before Anderson disappeared. Of course no attention was paid to the demand, and the result was a scene. Miss Flynn grew violent; so much so in fact that she had to be forcibly removed by the police. At nine o'clock Old King Brady strolled around to the Anderson bank, where he found Mr. Filson already on hand.

"Good morning," said the director. "I suppose you thought there was no use in keeping in the back-ground any longer after what was published this morning."

"That's the way it seemed to me," replied the old detective. "The receiver has not arrived yet?"

"No. He has not been here in three days. He may not come to-day. There is so little to receive that he takes but small interest in the business."

"No big fees being in sight?"

"Exactly. Is there anything new?"

"Nothing beyond what you probably saw in the paper about the doings of the Flynn woman."

"Yes, I read that. It only confirms my theory that Anderson had money stowed away. Perhaps this woman already has it. The will may have been intended as a basis on which to build a legal fight to retain it in her possession."

"I am much inclined to agree with you, but I don't think she already has it. If she had she never would have gone to that house trying to get what Anderson had about him at the time of his death, which I handed over to the police."

"And which I almost wish you hadn't done, Mr. Brady."

The old detective abruptly changed the subject.

"Look here," he said. "I suppose my partner examined Anderson's private safe, but do you know, I should like to examine it, too."

"Go ahead. He made a most thorough examination, and if I have examined it once, I certainly have half a dozen times."

"Which is it?"

"The small one in the corner there."

"Well, I will take a look," said Old King Brady, and he went to work on the safe in his usual

thorough way. Mr. Filson watched him for a while, and then went about his own work. Old King Brady kept busy for over half an hour. Every time the director looked around he saw the old detective standing there rubbing his chin and staring fixedly at the safe.

"You don't seem to be making much headway, Mr. Brady," he said at last.

"I had no expectations of finding anything without trouble," was the reply. "There is surely a secret compartment in this safe. I have located that, but I can't seem to open it up. That's what is puzzling me now."

"What makes you feel so sure?"

"Look here," said the old detective, pointing to a set of pigeon holes in the middle of the safe at the top,

These he had emptied of the papers they contained, and he now produced a foot rule and ran it into one of the pigeon holes.

"You see the depth," he said. "Now compare it with the depth of the safe."

He laid the rule on top of the safe. There was a difference of about six inches.

"Ha!" exclaimed Mr. Filson, "and are all the other holes six inches deeper than those four?"

"They are."

"Then it would seem to be as you say."

"It certainly is. You can see for yourself that those four pigeon holes are dovetailed, and are at the same time detached from the others. Look!"

"I don't need to look any closer. I already see what you mean."

"Exactly. The question is to find the secret spring. Here, take hold with me, Mr. Filson. Perhaps it is in the back of the safe. I think we can pull it out together."

They easily succeeded in moving the safe forward on its rollers. Instantly Old King Brady spied a nickel-plated button set in the back directly behind the pigeon holes in question.

"Pull!" he cried, and as he pressed the button, Mr. Filson at the same time pulling, out came the four pigeon holes in a bunch, revealing just such a space as Old King Brady had calculated upon. It contained simply a letter. Mr. Filson made a grab for it.

"Brady, you have a long head!" he cried. "Now we have found something tangible, surest thing."

"Don't be too sure," said Old King Brady. "What have you got?"

"The letter is addressed to Arabella Flynn."

Mr. Filson opened the envelope and took a look at a sheet of letter paper. As he unfolded it his face assumed a disgusted look.

"What's the trouble now?" demanded Old King Brady.

"Why, we seem to have drawn a blank."

"Let me see it?"

Old King Brady took the paper, and putting on a stronger pair of eyeglasses, proceeded to examine it. Then he went over to the window and held it up against the light.

"Covered with writing," he said.

"Invisible ink?" cried Mr. Filson.

"Certainly. Look!"

Very dimly Mr. Filson was able to discern a difference in color along the lines. Old King

Brady lighted the gas and waved the paper back and forth in front of the flame.

"Yes, it is coming out," he said. "Take it down as I read it, Mr. Filson."

And Old King Brady read as follows:

"Dear Arabella.—As I am liable to drop dead at any moment, I want to say a letter will be found on me addressed to you. It tells of money I have hidden, which I want you to have, but the money is not in the place where the letter says. Circumstances made it seem best for me to remove it. I am writing this in a state of great uncertainty. With it I am also writing a description of the place where I have hidden the money. I may enclose that sheet with the letter or you may not find it. I—"

Here the writing abruptly ended.

"Look in that envelope and see if there is another sheet!" exclaimed Old King Brady.

"There is none," replied Mr. Filson, examining the envelope.

"The man was interrupted in writing this," said the old detective. "That is certain. He probably hastily put it into the secret compartment."

"By Jove, I know!" cried Filson, slapping his forehead.

"What do you mean?"

"I did the interrupting."

"How? When?"

"The day he disappeared I came in here about three o'clock. Usually I walk right in. That afternoon the door was locked. I knocked and spoke my name. 'Just a second.' Anderson replied. When he opened the door I noticed that the safe was drawn out from the wall, and while we were talking I called attention to it. 'Why, so it is,' he said, and he pushed it back. I'll bet you he had just clapped that letter into the secret compartment."

"It may be so. Let me see if I can pull the safe out alone."

Old King Brady tried it, and found that he could easily move the safe.

"It is by no means as heavy as it looks," he said. "I believe you are right; but just the same, I don't understand why he did not finish the letter. But, of course, we shall never know now."

"It confirms what I said, however. Anderson had money stowed away. We want that money, Mr. Brady."

"And it is up to the Bradys to get it, you are saying between words."

"I should certainly like to see them get it."

"And they will certainly try their best to do it. Pity this letter bears no date."

"And we can't tell whether the writing is fresh or not on account of the peculiar kind of ink used."

"And boiled down, the proposition amounts to just this: We are no better off than we were before."

Detective and director sat looking at each other in silence for some minutes.

"Certain it is," said Old King Brady, "that Hiram Anderson had many days in which to communicate with Miss Flynn. That he did not do it up to the time of his death seems to me to stand proved, from the fact that the woman went

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there demanding his effects, but, my dear Mr. Filson, it may have been his last act. He may have hastily written to the woman after receiving the fatal letter, and have given that messenger boy the communication to deliver. That has been my theory from the first."

"In which case we want the messenger boy," replied Mr. Filson.

"Yes, if we can get him."

"What? Is he missing then?"

"He was last night. But let us see."

Old King Brady consulted the telephone book and then called up the office to which Charley Angel was attached.

"Still missing," he announced as he hung up the receiver. "There is but one conclusion to draw."

"Which is?"

"That Hiram Anderson in some form or other confided the secret of the hiding place of the stolen cash to Messenger 1182. The young rascal went for the money instead of going back to the office, but whether or no he got it is something which remains to be proved."

CHAPTER VII.—The Angel Goes From Bad to Worse.

To return to our angel. Angels ought to be good things to get back to; but our angel was not a good thing. He had fallen. He had begun by stealing a lantern, and a red one at that. Other crimes were to follow. Of course Charley could scarcely be accused of breaking and entering. He now entered the old cork factory, but he did not break in, he opened the door with his key. The first thing he did was to get his red lantern into business. Then he made sure that the door was fast, which it was, for the lock operated by a spring. Charley stood for a minute listening, and not hearing a sound, he started upstairs two steps at a time. He was in a hurry to collar his half million! Reaching the top floor, he had quite a seach for the scuttle ladder.

The place contained several pieces of machinery, and many boxes and barrels. It looked as if an attempt had been made to pack up, and that before the job was finished it had been given up. Charley roamed about the large enclosure hunting for a ladder—just as though he had not had enough of ladders to last him the balance of his life! He devoutly hoped that his light would not be seen on the street. Before he had inwardly grumbled because his lantern was red, but now he was glad of it, for he knew there was less chance of the light being observed. At last he located the ladder in a closet, which he had not before observed since the door had no knob, and looked like the continuation of a partition. He immediately ascended, and pushing aside the cover, saw that there was quite a space between the ceiling and the roof. The sides were enclosed, and Charley could find no way of opening them. He fussed over the problem quite a little while, but the thing seemed perfectly solid. As the angel was fully determined to ascend higher, he started to look for an ax or a hatchet—anything to enable him to break in.

This took him down the ladder again. He could not find what he wanted, and his search took him away down to the other end of the long enclosure. Here all at once he lit upon another door which he had not previously seen, and this door had both knob and lock.

Charley opened it to find himself looking into a small room which had no windows. It appeared to have been used as a store room, for it contained another ladder, which appeared to lead to the roof.

"Hello!" thought 1182. "So there are two ladders, are there? Perhaps this is the one I want, and not the other."

Then the angel ascended heavenward again. And this was the time he hit it. There was the same high space between the ceiling and the roof, and it was enclosed in the same way. But Charley was easily able to open one of the panels. Pressing on it, the thing moved inward about an inch, and then it was easy to move it to the left, for it appeared to run in a groove. Charley flashed his light in through the opening, and saw the boards laid down over the lathe as the letter said. The angel lost not a moment in crawling into the opening, and his hopes ran high. But they were destined to take a speedy tumble, for the boards came to an end before he had advanced twenty feet, and there was no sign of a steel box. Charley looked around in disgust.

"Gee!" he muttered. "Nothing doing? De old geezer was only chucking de goil a bluff den after all!"

He moved his lantern this way and that, looking far afield under that broad roof, but if there was any steel box he could not see it. Still he proposed to make sure, and at the risk of going crashing down through the ceiling, Charley crawled all around, but it was all the same, no steel box anywhere. Of course he went over to where the other scuttle was first of all, thinking to locate it there if anywhere. But no! There were not even boards laid down there, and he could see that the upright boards which walled in the space under the scuttle were nailed fast to the beams.

Vanished were the angel's hopes now, but still he was reluctant to give it up. He took the back track, thinking to begin all over again, when suddenly the sound of voices reached his ears.

"Take away the ladder!" a man's voice exclaimed. "We don't want to give her a chance to get out on the roof. You may as well pull out all those boxes, too. She might pull them up and get out that way. Be quick now. We don't want to be standing here."

"Gee!" thought the angel. "Who's dese? Dey seem to have a goil wit 'em, too? Ten to one it's old Anderson's goil, and dese are de guys what swiped the box. What shall I do?"

The first thing to do seemed to be to put out his light, and Charley lost no time in the doing of it. Then he crawled softly over to the opening, through which light was shining now. The removal of the ladder did not worry the angel any, for he knew he could easily drop down. He got to the edge of the opening and looked down, but instantly drew his head back for below he saw a rough looking man moving about, and he had no desire to be seen. The ladder had already been

removed, and the man appeared to be busy with the boxes. At last Charley heard him say:

"All ready, boss!"

"All right," was the reply. "Light the other lantern and remain outside until I come."

"Now then, Miss Flynn," the voice added. "Be good enough to walk into your prison, please."

"Miss Flynn!" thought the angel aloft. "Oh, gee!"

Did he feel conscious stricken? Not a bit of it. He only felt hopeful that in some way he might be going to learn something which would still give him a chance to push ahead in his career of crime; or, in other words, to get his fingers on Hiram Anderson's treasure box. And so 1182 crouched by the opening, which apparently had not been discovered, listening. It was Lovett and Alice, of course, and so with the understanding that the angel was drinking in every word, we will get down into the room and join them. Alice was watching her man as a cat watches a mouse. She had her revolver, and she was fully determined to use it if necessity demanded. The door, which was operated by a spring lock placed on the outside, was now shut. Lovett, who held a lighted lantern in his hand, placed it on the floor, and pointing to a solitary box, which had been left behind, said:

"You can sit down if you want to, Miss Flynn."

"Many thanks, Mr. Lovett," returned Alice, mockingly. "I prefer to stand. I presume you will not deny that you are the party named?"

"I shall neither admit nor deny it. You have drawn your own conclusions. You will get no information out of me."

Alice was now doubtful what she ought to do. One minute it seemed to her that the proper course would be to declare that she was not Arabella Flynn. The next, and it seemed to her that she had now gone too far to retreat, and that such a denial would be of no use. It was a difficult problem to solve. But on the whole it seemed best to stick it out. She had her revolver, her flashlight, and her skeleton keys; thus it seemed to Alice that she had a fair chance to escape after Lovett left her. So she boldly faced the man, and asked:

"Do you propose to leave me here?"

"Yes, and until I have starved you into submission," was the reply.

"My friend, I have said all I can say; to hold me a prisoner is simply useless."

"Wait," said Lovett. "I have not quite shown my hand yet, Miss Flynn. That is why I am now seeking this opportunity to hold a few minutes' private conversation with you."

"Listen! You were not Hiram Anderson's best girl when I first got acquainted with the man. That one is dead, and I happen to know that he used to correspond with her in a peculiar way. He wrote his love letters in invisible ink. Did he do the same with you?"

"No, sir, he never wrote me a letter in invisible ink."

"I do not like to tell you again that you lie, for fear you will tell me again that I am Mr. No-gentleman, which might seriously injure my feelings; but I hold the proof that you are not putting it quite straight right here."

The angel did the rubber act then. He saw

Lovett, whom he instantly recognized, produce a letter from his inside pocket.

"See," said the secretary; found in the letter box at the Anderson bank waiting to be mailed. It is addressed to Arabella Flynn."

"Indeed!" retorted Alice, mockingly. "And you have read the letter?"

"I have, in spite of the fact that it is written in invisible ink."

"Well!"

"Now do you deny that you have received others like it?"

"I never go back on my word, Mr. Lovett. Make the most out of that you can."

"Perhaps you would like to read the letter."

"Does it tell where Mr. Anderson hid his money?"

"It does not. It is just an ordinary love letter."

"I will read it. How am I to make the ink show up?"

"Just as if you didn't know."

"You will have to explain."

Lovett laughed.

"Well, to tell the truth, I haven't been able to do it myself," he said. "That's the time I lied. It is you who will have to explain."

Alice took the paper and examined it. She held it up against the lantern. Like Old King Brady, she saw that there were faint traces of writing on the lines.

"Have you tried heat?" she asked.

"Of course I have," returned Lovett, adding:

"What is the use of being obstinate? I don't want to fight a woman. I am perfectly willing to divide this money with you if you will only help me find it. I might even go farther than that."

"How farther? What do you mean?"

"Why you are a pretty good looking proposition," laughed Lovett. "I might even consider offering to marry you, Miss Flynn."

"Oh, you flatter me, really. But let us try the effects of the heat. Open up your lantern."

Lovett obeyed, and Alice ran the sheet back and forth over the flame. But what had worked so well in Old King Brady's case did not work at all in this. The hidden writing, if there was any, did not come out into view.

"I can make nothing out of it," declared Alice, adding:

"Seriously, Mr. Lovett, I know no more about this invisible ink business than you do, whatever you think to the contrary."

"You're a stubborn fool!" cried the secretary. "For to-night, I shall waste no more time over you. Here you are, and here you will stay until I get the chance to learn what starvation will do toward bringing you to your senses."

With that he produced a key, opened the door, and retreated, leaving Alice in the dark. She listened, and for the moment heard him talking to his companion, and then she heard them retreat through the long room. And above hovered the angel, filled with a new idea. Now he felt that he knew what the blank sheet of paper in the stolen letter contained. Perhaps after all he held the winning card! What if it should carry upon it in invisible ink the hidden place of the missing box? 1182 waited. He wanted to make sure that Lovett was not coming back again. He

wanted also to see what the supposed Arabella Flynn was going to do. Like Lovett, he was perfectly satisfied that she knew how to make the invisible writing come out. Alice did nothing. She was waiting to hear the cab drive away. If she had only known it, the cab had already gone, and was waiting around the corner for its passengers, and this by Lovett's orders. And now Alice began doing the most natural thing in the world under the circumstances, and that was talking to herself.

"This is a pretty snap for me to get into," she muttered, half aloud. "I am afraid I have worked it all wrong, anyhow. I ought to have told him the truth."

This Charley naturally took to mean that she ought to have told Lovett how to bring the invisible writing out. It seemed time to act, and the angel called out:

"Hey, missus! Don't be scared, but I'm up here."

Quick as a wink Alice pulled out her flashlight and turned it upon the boy, who was now peering down at her.

"Why, who in the world are you?" she asked.

"Nobody, ma'am, only 1182. And say, I've got a letter for you!"

Crafty angel! He had a beautiful bunch of lies all cooked up to a finish. And now he was ready to dish them up to the supposed Arabella Flynn!

CHAPTER VIII.—What Harry Heard Behind the Door.

Young King Brady did not go out to Hermitage avenue in an automobile this time. He went by the cars, and when he reached the house in a particularly clever disguise, he inquired of the woman who answered his ring for "Miss Bristol."

"I don't think she is in," replied the woman. "I haven't seen her this morning, and I usually do, but you may go upstairs and see for yourself; last door on the right."

It was a large house, let out into lodgings, and it appeared to be run in a free and easy fashion. Harry ascended the stairs, the woman who opened the door disappearing in the regions below. Here he knocked, but got no answer. As there appeared to be nobody spying upon him, he proceeded to open the door with his skeleton keys. The instant he did so he caught the sound of voices in the room beyond. Now Alice had particularly described the location of her room in reference to Arabella Flynn's, and Harry knew that the suspected woman occupied the adjoining apartment.

"Probably Alice is in there with her," he thought, "but I will make sure before I stir her up."

So closing the outer door, he clapped his ear to the keyhole of the inner one. Instantly he recognized J. D. Lovett's voice.

"I want to assure you, Miss Flynn, that this is a complete surprise to me," the secretary was saying, "and I cannot tell you what a relief it is to me to find you taking my confession in such good part. It occurred to me last night as I lay thinking this business over, that perhaps after

all I had blundered. I am thankful now that I decided to call here. It has put the whole business on a proper basis—just where it belongs."

Certainly "Mr. No-gentleman" could address a lady very much as a gentleman if he chose.

"I do hope you will set the poor thing free at once, Mr. Lovett," a woman's voice replied. "She is a good soul, and really I have grown quite fond of her, but she knows no more about my private affairs than the man in the moon."

"She certainly shall be set free," was the reply. "It was a stupid blunder, and I really don't see how I came to make it."

"Natural enough, seeing that you never happened to have seen me. But what I can't understand is why she did not tell you she was not me."

"She never denied it once. Do you know what I think?"

"No. What?"

"That she may be a detective."

"Mercy on us! Why?"

"For a good enough reason. As I know, and you know now, that you have read the morning papers, the Bradys were on Anderson's trail. They have a female partner in their bureau, one Alice Montgomery. Isn't it possible that she was set on to you, Miss Flynn, in the hope of spotting Anderson here?"

"Good gracious! It might be so!"

"How long has Miss Bristol been rooming here?"

"Only about a week."

"Then mark my words, my dear young lady, that is just who she is. Did she seek your acquaintance, or did you seek hers?"

"Well, now you come to put it up to me, I suppose I must admit that she sought mine, although I didn't look at it just that way at the time."

"She is very adroit, they say."

"And I want you to understand that it takes a pretty sharp one to get around me."

"Did she question you about Anderson?"

"Never once."

"Well, that makes it look as though it might be the other way. But, anyhow, I'll see that she is set free."

"I think you might as well. She will be sure to get out somehow, and it will be all the worse for you, if she is a detective."

"That is so."

"But now, Mr. Lovett, to get down to business. What is this wonderful proposition you propose to put up to me?"

"I'm coming to it right now. Miss Flynn, how well did Anderson leave you fixed?"

"He didn't leave me well fixed at all. He didn't leave me a cent!"

"Is that really so?"

"It is really so, Mr. Lovett. After all his fine promises it is, unfortunately, the truth."

"Very well, then that puts me just where I want to get. Anderson did not die a pauper, Miss Flynn."

"I never believed he did. They say there was \$5,000 found on him, but the police wouldn't give it to me, in spite of the fact that I hold his will leaving me everything."

"What did he tell you when he gave you that will?"

"That he was going to leave me well fixed, and

that if there was any fuss made about it by his creditors, the will would give me the chance to fight it."

"Did a messenger boy come here with a letter for you yesterday afternoon?"

"No."

"A letter from Anderson, I mean."

"No."

"Such a letter was delivered to a messenger boy, however, with directions that it should be delivered to you."

"It never came."

"Then there is one conclusion to draw. The messenger boy swiped it."

"It may have told where this treasure was hidden."

"I have every reason to believe it did."

"What an amazing pity! What can be done?"

"Nothing as far as the messenger boy is concerned. The fact is, the detectives are after me, too, Miss Flynn. I have to keep shady."

"You make me believe that they are after me. I'm sure I don't know what to do."

"Wait. I may be able to suggest a way out of the muddle. Did Anderson ever correspond with you in invisible ink?"

"Yes. Why?"

"Because the day he disappeared he left a letter addressed to you in our mailing box. I took it. I also took the liberty of opening it. I have it now. Apparently it contains only blank paper."

"Let me see it!" cried Arabella, quickly.

Harry heard a rustle of paper, and then Miss Flynn said:

"Yes; this is a letter to me in invisible ink."

"And yet heat will not bring the writing out."

"You tried it?"

"Pardon me, yes. This is no time to stand on ceremony. I may as well speak frankly to you."

"The reason it wouldn't come out is because it has to be dipped in a wash. Anderson used two kinds of ink. One needs this wash to bring it out, the other does not."

"Why two inks?"

"Oh, it would take too long to tell. But look here, Mr. Lovett, do you expect me to divide this money with you? Is that what you are gunning for?"

"Frankly——"

"Oh, bother your everlasting frankly! You consider that you have me in your power in this matter. If I refuse to divide you will turn the detectives on me. Is that it?"

"You have stated the situation exactly."

"You are a rascal. Anderson always said so."

"Never mind that. Question is, are you in my power or not?"

"I suppose I am in a way."

"Half a loaf is better than no bread. See here, you are a shrewd woman. I propose to go out to Manilla and start a gambling house. There will be barrels of money in it. With a shrewd woman like you to help me, the business could be made even more profitable than I have figured on. I'll marry you in San Francisco. Join forces with me. We will get this money. I have more. Come, what do you say?"

"I'll go you! I want to get out of Chicago anyway. I am sick and tired of the humdrum life I have been leading lately."

"Good! You won't regret it. Now go for that letter, my dear Arabella. Really, I am in love with you already."

"Say, cut out that piffle. This is purely a business arrangement. If you go on that way I'll ring off."

"I'll go your way, only go ahead."

The conversation after that was immaterial. Harry assumed that Miss Flynn was working over the letter. She must have succeeded, for at last she read:

"Dear Arabella.—It is all up! I disappear tonight. Under the name of Silverman I shall go in hiding. I can be found on the top floor of my flat, 2062 Carondelet avenue. Come to me at once. In case this fails to reach you, and you don't come, I will write again, if I get the chance. In case I drop dead, let me say right here that I have been able to save about a million out of the wreck. Half of this is in Jim Lovett's hands. He may go back on me, but I don't think it. That is to be paid to you, and the rest is yours if you can get it. I have hidden it in my cottage at Beachhurst, on Plum Island, off Racine, where we were in June. Remember the broad window seat in the front parlor? It opens like a box. There is a secret spring down near the floor on the left hand side. You will easily find it; for it looks like a brass-headed nail. The money is all in gold and gold notes. It is in a steel box. Unfortunately, I have mislaid the key, so you will have to break the box open. Go for it! The house is locked up, and you will have to break in. All my keys have been mislaid. Good-by, if I never see you again. Hiram."

"I have the keys," said Lovett, coolly. "He did not mislay them. I swiped them off his desk. And now, Miss Flynn, you see the advantage of a partner. I will get a tug this morning. I happen to have a friend who is the captain and owner of one. Her name is the Swallow. She lies at the foot of Rush street. We will go tonight. I don't care to make too much of an exhibition of myself, and had rather do this job in the dark."

"All right," replied Arabella. "I am in your hands. By the way, where did you say this supposed she detective is locked in?"

"At the old cork works over on Ratey street."

"Oh, yes; I know. Where Anderson foreclosed the mortgage."

"Same place. Do you still want her let loose?"

"What do you think?"

"I think we better let her alone until we get the treasure. I can then telephone a party I know to see that she is set free."

"All right. Do it that way. Will you call here for me?"

"Yes; in a cab, about eight o'clock."

"All right. I'll be ready."

"By Jove, you are a business-like woman. So glad to have made your acquaintance."

"Now, now, don't get spooney, Mr. Lovett!"

"Call me Jim. I should like to hear how it sounds."

"I'll call you a fool if you don't ring off and stop talking nonsense! Get out now, and leave me to think all this over quietly."

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"Your word is law."

"Look here, Lovett!"

"Well, my dear!"

"If you sneak up to Plum Island without me, I'll follow you to the end of the earth, and I'll put a bullet through your black heart in the end."

"Strong talk! You can trust me fully. When I get to Manilla I want a wife, and as I have no particular wish to marry a Filipino woman, I propose to take one along."

There was a little more nonsense after that, but not much. Soon Lovett left, and Harry was not two minutes behind him, being in time to see the man, who was very cleverly disguised, enter an automobile. As Harry had not counted on anything of this sort, and had no automobile, any attempt to keep on the secretary's trail would have resulted in failure. So he started for Ratey street, determined to attend to Alice's case first of all.

CHAPTER IX.—Alice Goes From Bad to Worse.

Young King Brady had never heard of Ratey street, and it was necessary to look it up in the directory first of all. Having located it, Harry lost no time in getting out to the Goose Island district, where he readily found the old cork works. There was nobody around. Business appeared to have gone all to pieces in this blind alley, for the building on either side was covered up and to rent. Finding that the doors could not be opened with skeleton keys, Harry tackled the windows, and without much difficulty succeeded in breaking in. Then came the search for Alice, but it was a vain one. There was not even anything found to prove that she had ever been a prisoner there. Of course, Harry examined the little room on the top floor, but the door stood wide open, and this room was deserted like all the rest. Thus there was but one conclusion to draw, and that was J. D. Lovett had lied about the matter to Arabella Flynn. Where, then, was Alice? For certainly Secretary Lovett had not lied. It was a case of wheels within wheels, and the first wheel was turned by Charley Angel when he dropped down off his lofty perch. Alice, flashing her light on the messenger boy, looked him over curiously. Then as 1182 had brought his stolen lantern with him, seeing that her light was not needed, Alice put it up.

"What were you doing up there?" she asked.
"What does this mean?"

"Now, look here, Miss Flynn," said Charley, unblushingly, "I caught on to dat guy's coives. You hain't de only one what he kidnapped. Dere's anudder, an' I'm it—see?"

"Do you mean to tell me he captured you and put you up here between the ceiling and the roof?"

"Yes, ma'am," replied the angel, unblushingly. "Dat's what he done. It was dis way. I gotter call to 2062 Carondelet avenue dis afternoon. When I got dere, who should I find de guy was to who I had to deliver de letter but Mr. Hiram Anderson, who swiped all dat money—see?"

"Go on! Make your story as short as you can." "I'm ergonter, ma'am. I give him de letter.

and when he read it what does he do but let out a holler and trow a fit."

Alice began to get interested. Certainly the angel's face was innocence itself.

"He came to soon, Miss—ma'am, I mean, an' he says to me, 'Say,' he says, a-takin' a letter out of his pocket, 'you take dis here letter to Miss Arabella Flynn, No. — Hermitage avenue,' he say, 'an' she'll give you ten dollars for de call.' Well, ma'am, I started, but say, dere must have been come one spyan' on us, for when I got down on de street, dere was an automobile and a feller—he was dat same feller what was here—looked out an' gimme de holler.

"Here, boy," he says, "I want to speak to you," so like a fool I goes up to dat automobile, and he grabs me. Dat was de time I got kidnapped—see?"

"I hear what you say," replied Alice, "and I am wondering if you are telling me the truth."

"I am, ma'am. True an' honest, I am. Well, he sxed me did I have a letter for you. I hate to tell a lie, ma'am, but dat time I done it in a good cause. Didn't do no good, dough. He got de letter, and read it. Den he says to me, 'You come along wit me now, and if I have luck, you won't be sorry.' Well, ma'am, he brought me here, him and another feller what was wit him. He went up dere under de roof, but he didn't find what he was after. Gee, wasn't he mad! Den he goes an' sticks de letter into my pocket, and dey put me up dere under de roof, and dere I've been ever since. I couldn't think why he done it till I heard his talk to you, and I did hear every word, ma'am—see?"

Alice looked him over in some amazement.

She was satisfied that he was lying, and yet there were points which made his story seem true. But, unfortunately for the angel, his number gave him away.

"He is certainly the same messenger boy Harry told about," Alice said to herself. "Of course the case is plain. He opened that letter, and read it. Then he came here treasure hunting. But I will draw him out further. There is something back of all this."

"What is your name?" she asked, quietly.

"Charley Angel, ma'am."

"Well, Charley, you seem to have a hard time of it. Have you my letter with you still, then?"

"I sure have, ma'am, an' I'll be honest with you. I read it."

"By the light of that lantern, I suppose?"

"Sure, miss. Dat's what I done."

"But where did you get the lantern? Did that man Lovett leave it with you?"

"Lovett's his name, miss. You was kinder doubtful about it, but I know him. I've carried messages for him before. No, miss. He didn't leave me de lantern. I found it up dere under de roof."

"Let me have the letter," said Alice, and Charley, with great alacrity, handed it out.

He was immensely pleased at his seeming success. His lying story seemed to him to have been swallowed whole. He watched Alice's face with close attention, as he held the lantern for her to read the letter by.

"Where's the key?" demanded Alice, suddenly.

"He kep de key, ma'am."

"Too bad. I was in hopes it might open this door so we could get out."

"I have another key what might do de trick."

"Let's see it."

The lying angel produced the key which had been enclosed in the letter, but it would not open the door.

"Did you look for this steel box up there?" demanded Alice.

"Yes, ma'am. I looked everywhere. I can't find nothing of it."

"But that hole up there through which you came. Why didn't you come out before? This door was not locked when we came here."

Things were getting hot.

"Why, I just succeeded in breaking dat hole when dat feller what cleared away dem boxes came in," he replied.

Seeing that he had an answer ready for every question, Alice gave it up.

"Well, I don't see what good this letter is going to do us," she said.

"Say," replied Charley, "I heard all you said to him. Dere's that blank sheet of paper what's in de letter. Course dat has de invisible writing on to it, an' of course, you do know how to bring it out, although you made out you didn't."

"Let me see," said Alice. "Open your lantern. All I know is that heat sometimes brings out invisible ink. It did not do it in the other case, but it might in this."

She waved the paper back and forth over the flame. It must have been the "other kind of ink" mentioned by Arabella Flynn which was used in this case. For, as happened with Old King Brady's unfinished letter, the writing came out on this sheet and remained out long enough for Alice to read it. And this writing, rather foolishly, we must admit, Alice read aloud. It ran as follows:

"Arabella.—The letter in which this is enclosed was written six months ago, at the time I thought I should have to go under. Since then I have removed the steel box. Remember your favorite seat at the Plum Island villa? Well, my dear girl, that seat opens by a secret spring, and inside you will find the box. I am writing in great haste, and can only add five words. I love you. Good-by. Hiram."

"Say, where's Plum Island?" demanded the angel.

"Don't know," replied Alice, concealing the letter in her dress, "and if I did I should not tell you. Now let us see if we can't get out."

She produced her skeleton keys and went to work on the spring lock. It was one of the old-fashioned kind, and Alice soon managed it.

"Say, you're great!" cried the angel as they passed out.

His next move certainly not only showed his shrewdness, but how deeply he had fallen from grace. For they had no sooner passed the threshold when Charley exclaimed.

"Say, you dropped dat letter on de floor!"

And that was the time Alice was caught napping.

"Where?" she demanded. "Hold your light," and as she spoke she stepped back into the room. Instantly that bad angel got down to business.

He slammed the door shut, and put on the catch, which prevented the lock from being moved on the other side, even if Alice had had the key. Then 1182 "beat it." He did not stop to say good-by. He did not stop for anything. He simply took to his heels and ran for the stairs. It is useless to dwell upon Alice's feelings. Enough to say she felt cheap enough to find that she, the great Alice Montgomery, had been fooled by a messenger boy. And this time Alice found herself penned in beyond the possibility of escape. Hours passed and not a sound reached her ears. Seated on her box, Alice found plenty of time for reflection. It seemed certain enough now that the messenger boy proposed to make the most of his secret for his own account.

"I have made a miserable botch of the whole business," thought Alice. "Really it is the most aggravating situation I ever found myself in."

At last, worn out with fatigue and worry, Alice leaned her head back against the wall and fell asleep. She was suddenly awakened by a noise at the door. Someone was evidently fussing with the lock. Alice got up and waited breathlessly. She had a faint hope that it might be the Bradys to the rescue, but not much, for she could not in any way figure it out how they could have learned where she was. Suddenly a voice called out:

"Are you still in there, Miss Flynn?"

"Yes," replied Alice.

The speaker was a man. She failed to recognize the voice.

"What have you been doing to the lock?"

"Nothing. Who are you?"

"A friend."

"Friends have names. Enemies are sometimes nameless."

"I shall have to be nameless, although I am a friend, for I don't want to get myself into trouble. You will understand when you come to see my face."

And then the door opened and there stood the rough-looking man who had been with J. D. Lovett. He never told his name to Alice, but for convenience sake we propose to tell it right now. The man was one Jack Huxley, who had been Anderson's factotum, and a porter at the bank. Right away after the failure he chose to act in an insolent manner to the receiver, and was discharged. That he had brought his discharge about purposely there can be no doubt, for as was afterwards learned, he had gone straight to the Carondelet avenue house, where he remained in attendance on the banker. But Jack Huxley had been playing a double game, for he also pretended to be very friendly to Lovett, who firmly believed him to be devoted to his interests. The truth was, Jack Huxley had also got a smell of the hidden money, and was after it on his own account.

"Well, you seem to have succeeded," remarked Alice. "What does this mean? Do you propose to let me go, then?"

"That's just it, but it is not J. D. Lovett's doing," replied Huxley. "It was a shame to treat you the way he did. I've come to set you free."

Alice doubted it. Still the wise way seemed to be to humor the man.

"I am sure I am very much obliged to you,"

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she said. "At the same time, I don't forget that you had a lot to do with my capture."

"I couldn't help it, Miss Flynn. I'm in Lovett's power. I could explain to you, but it is not worth while to go into that now. Follow me, please."

And Alice followed the man downstairs, with a feeling of immense relief. A cab stood drawn up at the door, but it was not the same driver who sat on the box.

"You see, I am going to take you home in style," said Huxley.

"What time is it?" asked Alice.

"Half-past two or thereabouts," was the reply.

"I prefer to go home by myself, friend. I am very much obliged to you. If you will let me pay——"

"You can't pay me a cent," was the reply. "I done this because it was right I should do it—— see?"

Here, it would seem, was another angel on the job. But, unfortunately, he was the same sort as 1182. As he spoke Jack Huxley edged towards the cab door, which was closed. Naturally, Alice followed him, and now suddenly the door was flung open, and out leaned a woman, who levelled a revolver at her head.

"You will get in here and ride with me, Miss Flynn," she cried.

"Yes, Miss Flynn! You will get in and ride with my wife," echoed Huxley.

He also drew a revolver and thrust it into Alice's face. Alice simply had to get into that cab. Huxley crowded in after her, and a start was immediately made.

"Sure you got the right woman, Jack?" the woman in the cab demanded.

"Now don't you go to calling me Jack or Bill or Jim, or anything else," retorted the man. "If you don't mind yourself there will be two prisoners to go up the lake instead of one."

So they were bound up the lake. Alice saw plainly enough that here was a man who knew, or at least suspected, more than J. D. Lovett did. She determined to feel her way, and she said:

"Now look here, where are you taking me to? At least you ought to be willing to tell me that?"

"I am perfectly willing to answer your question," was the reply, "but I don't need to tell you where I am taking you to, for you know very well. It's Plum Island for ours, where you visited with Hiram Anderson last June."

"And why?"

"Rats! Don't bother me! You know very well enough. Maybe you thought you could humbug Lovett, but you can't humbug me, Miss Flynn. You know where Anderson hid the money he swiped, and you've got to tell."

CHAPTER X.—Old King Brady Overboard.

The tug Swallow was quite a large one, and she carried a cabin which actually contained two staterooms; small, to be sure, but mighty comfortable for all that. At nine o'clock or thereabouts, on the evening of the day Harry overheard the conversation between Secretary Lovett and Arabella Flynn, a cab drove down on the

wharf at the foot of Rush street and out of it stepped the secretary. He turned and assisted a lady to alight. And this lady was Arabella Flynn. A young sailor man answered his hail, and came to the tug's rail.

"We want to come aboard," called Lovett.

"What's the name?" demanded the young man.

"Name of Brownrigg."

"That's all right. I'll let down the plank."

He whistled, and a second man appeared. The plank was then lowered and Lovett and Miss Flynn came aboard.

"I have to inform you, boss, that Captain Broadbridge has been called away," said the young man. "It will be all right though. He has arranged everything."

"Called away? How is that?" demanded the secretary, in a tone of vexation.

"His brother is very sick in Indiana. He left on the evening train."

"This is very unfortunate," grumbled Lovett. "Who takes his place?"

"The mate, Mr. Pinkins."

"Does he know the lake as well as Captain Broadbridge?"

"Even better."

"Is the cabin ready for me and this lady?"

"All ready, sir."

"Show us there. Tell Mr. Pinkins to start at once."

The young man conducted them to the cabin. After they were in he stood at the door as if he wanted to say something.

"Well?" demanded the secretary. "What are you waiting for?"

"Beg pardon, sir, but Mr. Pinkins doesn't know where he is to go. Captain Broadbridge told him that you would give him instructions when you came aboard."

"Quite so," replied Lovett, coolly. "Tell the mate that he is to run out on the lake and head north. I will come to the pilothouse presently and tell him where he is to go."

The young man tipped his cap and withdrew. He went directly to the pilothouse, where a tall, elderly man, wearing a croppy gray beard, sat on the seat.

"Well, they are safe in the cabin," he said.

"So I see," was the reply. "Get the directions?"

"No. He says he will come presently and tell you where to go. Meanwhile we are to head north."

"Right. Haul in your plank. Cast off, and we will get under way."

Besides the engineer there was the one other sailorman on the tug, and he assisted to carry out Mr. Pinkins' directions. Soon they were under way, and they were scarcely out to the crib when Lovett tapped on the pilothouse window. Mr. Pinkins immediately opened the door, and the secretary came inside.

"What is this I hear about Captain Broadbridge?" he asked.

Mr. Pinkins repeated what the young man had said.

"Strange Broadbridge said nothing about all this to me," remarked Lovett. "I was talking with him over the telephone as late as five o'clock."

"Yes, I know," was the reply. "He got word of his brother's sickness later."

"What is the matter with his brother?"

"Pneumonia, he told me."

"Never knew he had a brother."

"They were not on good terms, I believe. There is considerable property. The captain thought he ought to go."

"You know the lake, it is to be hoped?"

"Perfectly, sir. Every inch of it."

"Captain Broadbridge explained, I presume, that you were to follow my orders strictly?"

"He did, boss. He told me that I was to do just whatever you said."

"Very well. I just want to say that if you mind your own business and make no trouble, you will not only be paid extra for this night's work, but the pay will be most liberal."

"I shall do all I can."

"Know Plum Island?"

"Perfectly well."

"Do you know a villa called Beechhurst?"

"Well, no, sir. There are so many villas on the island."

"Know the Rooster's Neck?"

"All right. Am I to run in there?"

"Yes; but first make sure that there is no one around."

"It won't be so easy to do that in the dark, boss, unless I or somebody else goes ashore in a small boat."

"Well, that is so, too. When you get up near the Neck, have me called, and I will decide what is to be done then."

Thereupon Mr. Lovett left the pilothouse and returned to the cabin. He found it deserted. Miss Arabella Flynn had evidently retired to her stateroom. Secretary Lovett rapped on the door.

"Bella, may I come in and speak with you for a minute?" he asked.

"Indeed, you may not, sir!" came the reply; "but if you want to speak to me, I'll come out into the cabin presently."

"I do."

"I'll come."

Lovett bit his lip, and sat down by the cabin table.

"Hang it all, how she does stand a fellow off," he muttered. "And the strangest part of it is that the more she stands me off the more I want to come on. Is it that after all these years I have actually fallen in love with a woman, and that with one whom I never saw until this morning? It does seem most infernally strange."

Strange it might be, but there is such a thing as love at first sight, and this scoundrel had certainly experienced it. For some mysterious reason James D. Lovett had fallen head over heels in love with Arabella Flynn. Perhaps it was a case of like meeting like. That Arabella was as bad as himself will soon be shown. Presently she came out.

"Well, Mr. Lovett, what's bothering you now?" she asked.

"A lot, but look here, Bella, make it Jim."

"So you have got as far as Bella, have you?" said the former actress, mockingly. "Upon my word, you are getting on well. Come, I'll make a bargain with you, since you are determined to be spooney. It shall be Jim just as soon as you put half that money in my hands. It ought to be the whole, of course, but under the circumstances

I have had to resign myself into splitting it up with you."

"How mercenary you are! What will be the odds, once we are married?"

"Do you really intend to marry me, Mr. Lovett?"

"I certainly do. I'll marry you to-morrow, if you will consent."

"You're a queer man. But never mind. What did you want to see me for?"

"I am bothered about the absence of Captain Broadbridge. He is a man I could fully trust, but about this mate of his I have my doubts."

"What do you mean?"

"Why he looks to me most suspiciously like Old King Brady in disguise."

"For heaven's sake, Lovett, don't tell me that."

"But I am telling you."

"Hush! Not so loud! Someone may be listening."

Miss Flynn tiptoed to the door, and suddenly threw it open. She did not catch anyone listening, but there stood the young man who had received them, leaning over the rail.

"What are you doing here?" demanded Miss Flynn, surly. "Spying?"

"Certainly not, ma'am," replied the young man, wheeling about.

"Then take yourself off. We want the cabin to ourselves."

The young man moved away. Arabella shut the door with a bang.

"It is as I told you," she said. "Now don't you raise your voice above a whisper. Have you any really good grounds for believing this?"

"Only a general resemblance."

"Did you ever see Old King Brady?"

"No; but I have seen his picture."

"You can't go by that."

"He is tall and old, and I strongly suspect his beard of being false."

"This is serious business, Lovett."

"I know it. What shall I do?"

"It is up to you."

"But I'd like your advice."

"Play the spy on him then."

"That can be done; but what would you do if it turns out as I fear?"

"I'd kill him!" hissed Arabella. "I'd kill every man on the tug if they are standing in with him. You and I can run the old thing, I suppose."

"Indeed we can't! I don't know any more about steering a tug than a dead cat."

"But it happens I do. My father was captain of a lake-tug, and I have often run on trips with him. He taught me how to steer. I can run an engine, too. Can you?"

"Not on your life, but I feel as if I could learn to do anything under your direction."

"Well, you go and find out how the cat jumps. Are you game to do the old guy if he proves to be the detective?"

"Yes, I am—but suppose he does me?"

"Leave the job to me then, if it comes to that. Old King Brady will not do me, I'll warrant."

"Heavens, how fierce you are!"

"Put it differently, and say how in earnest I am! I've lost half Anderson's money now by agreeing to divide with you. Bet your life I don't

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propose to lose the other half—no, not for all the Old King Bradys in the land."

"She'll be doing me next," thought Lovett, as he left the cabin. "I must be on my guard."

Meanwhile the young man had gone up to the pilothouse. He did not stop to rap, he just walked right in. Mat Pinkins was working his wheel.

"Well?" he demanded. "What's the state of the case now?"

"Speak in whispers," was the reply. "Governor, I very much fear they suspect us."

Was it then, indeed, so that this pair were the Bradys? They were no one else. No need to go into a long explanation as to how they came to be in charge of the tug Swallow. Enough to say that upon Harry's report of what he had overheard, Old King Brady determined upon this course. Alice was missing, and so was the messenger boy. The Bradys' only hope seemed to lie in following up Harry's important clue. So they took Captain Broadbridge in hand, and soon convinced the man that it would pay him better to loan them his tug for a good round price than to attempt to mix up in J. D. Lovett's crooked work. Thus the deal was made, and here were the Bradys right on the job.

"What makes you think that, Harry?" Old King Brady asked.

Harry told of his adventure with Arabella Flynn.

"Did you really hear what they were saying?" the old detective asked.

"I did not, although I listened. The window on that side was shut, and the door was a little too thick. I was just going around to the other side when she bounced out on me. Fortunately I heard her at the door, so I was able to do the innocent act."

"We must be on our guard. This Lovett seems to be a desperate character."

"I believe the woman to be worse. If I only knew what they have done with Alice."

"Be patient, Harry."

"Patient! As though I have been anything else! But it's no use talking. We have got to look out for ourselves."

They would have thought so if they could have looked outside the pilothouse door just then. There was J. D. Lovett crouching on the deck listening at the threshold. He got up now, and bending low, stole away, returning to the cabin.

"They are the Bradys all right," he said to Arabella.

And now it behooved the Bradys to look out for themselves. They were up against a bad pair. They knew it, and yet after all they were nipped. The tug ran on up the lake. When they were nearing Plum Island Old King Brady called the deck hand and put the wheel in his charge, going on down for a drink of water. He was not thinking of danger then, for Harry was supposed to be watching out. But just then Harry was not in evidence.

"I'll look him up and learn what's doing before I return to the pilothouse," Old King Brady thought.

He was just about to turn away when his legs were suddenly seized and he was lifted up by strong hands. Over the rail he went, head first.

CHAPTER XI.—The Angel and the Money Box.

What was the angel doing all that day? What was he about when Old King Brady, nipped by J. D. Lovett, who had been watching his chance, went head first into Lake Michigan. These are questions which we find it impossible to answer, for the records of this case in Old King Brady's notebook is silent upon these points. Let us therefore return to Alice and see how it fared with her. Just where Jack Huxley took her Alice could never quite make out. At last they wound up on the lake shore. Alice was now ordered to descend from the cab, and she was escorted down to the beach at a place where there were boat houses. Here a young man, who appeared to have been waiting for them, suddenly put in an appearance.

"So you have come, boss," he said.

"Here we are," replied Huxley. "Where's your boat?"

"It's right here, boss."

"Lead the way, then. We are going off to the yacht right now."

Alice was taken out to where the yacht lay in a rowboat. They all went aboard, and Alice was rounded up in a little cabin, where Jack Huxley and his companion prepared for a start.

"Question her, Grace!" said Huxley, when he left them. "I am sure she will be sensible and tell what she knows."

They did not search her, and that was a relief. When they got into the cabin, and Huxley had left the woman, Grace rather altered her manner, and assumed a sociable air.

"Look here, Miss Flynn," she said, "I don't want to be hard on you, neither does Jack. If you will just tell us where Anderson hid the money, we are willing enough to allow you your share."

"I am sure you are very liberal," replied Alice. "If Mr. Anderson actually did hide any money, of course he intended it for me, seeing that we were about to be married, and I fail to see how you reason it out that you are entitled to any of it; but the fact is, I know nothing at all about it, so you and your friend are merely wasting time."

"That gentleman is my husband, I want you to understand," flashed Grace.

"It is a matter of no consequence to me who or what he is. I say again, you are wasting time, for I have nothing to tell."

She determined not to tell until the last gasp. At last they gave it up, and locking her in a little stateroom, they left her to herself. Now was Alice's chance to dispose of the letter. Tearing all the sheets into small pieces, Alice threw them out of the little window into the lake. She felt safer then, and she lay down in the berth with her clothes on, and actually fell asleep. When she awoke it was broad daylight. Looking out, Alice saw a neat modern summer cottage standing a little way back from the shore. The yacht came to anchor, and shortly after that Grace open the door.

"Well, so you are awake," she said. "I only hope you have waked up in a more sensible frame of mind."

"My frame of mind has nothing whatever to do

with the matter," retorted Alice. "The facts in the case are simply this, I can't tell you what I don't know."

They made their landing by the rowboat, and walked to the cottage. Huxley had a key to the door, and he ushered them in.

"You see, I helped Boss Henderson fit up this place, Miss Flynn," he said. "I went away just before you and he came down last June, that's how we never came to meet before. But here we are, so now be sensible and let us end this business up. I don't want to hang around here. First thing we know Lovett will be coming up to the island on a venture. Then there is liable to be a fight."

"Same old answer," replied Alice, coldly. "I can't tell you what I don't know."

Again and again Alice's life was threatened, but she was satisfied that they would not kill her while there remained a chance of forcing her to yield. Nightfall found her locked in a room, and it looked as if she was to be allowed to remain undisturbed until morning. She slept the first part of the night, but without removing her clothes. Shortly after midnight she awoke, and finding the house quiet, she resolved to see if nothing could be done to better her condition, so she arose and lit the small lamp which had been provided for her. Then she examined the door more critically than she had done as yet. She first tried her skeleton keys on the lock. She soon found one which would do the trick, and the lock was turned. But the bolt remained. Alice had one of those ingenious contrivances termed a universal tool, which contains, enclosed in a hollow handle, small tools of many sorts.

Alice's had a gimlet and a saw in it, and with this he now went to work. Boring a number of holes around the place where she located the bolt, she got busy with the saw, and it was not long before she had made an opening big enough to get her fingers through. The bolt was then easily shot, and Alice extinguished the light, prepared to take leave of her prison. Her room was in an attic, and when she got down on the chamber floor she paused to listen. And now it seemed as if she could hear somebody moving about in the floor below. But the sounds died away after a moment. So she got out her flashlight and made her way down to the main floor. During the day she had decided that the window seat which was supposed to conceal the treasure, must be one of two in the front parlor, and she entered that room now, determined to have a try at the treasure before leaving the house.

And now came a discovery which caused Alice to believe that in putting the noise she had heard up to cats, she had made a mistake. For a pane of glass had been removed in one of the windows, and the seat beneath it had been broken into. Alice hurried to the place and flashed her light into the opening within the seat. It was empty, as she had expected to find it. This made Alice think that somebody must have broken into the house.

"And who could it be but the messenger boy?" she asked herself, for he alone possessed the secret of the hiding place of the money outside herself. There was room to get out through the broken pane, and Alice availed herself of it. She

determined to go for the yacht, and she headed for the shore. It was a bright starlight night, although there was no moon, and as Alice advanced she caught sight of a figure on the shore, close to a rowboat, and near by was another rowboat. It was a boy! He was bending down, and appeared to be pounding some metallic object with a stone, judging from the sounds. And Alice was entirely right in her conclusions. It was our fallen angel, and no one else. Alice sneaked up behind him, and succeeded in getting close without attracting his attention. Charley was bending over a small oblong box, which he was trying to break into by aid of the stone. But the box, instead of being iron, which might have yielded to his efforts, was of steel, and there was nothing doing. But still the boy persisted, and was hammering away when suddenly a voice behind him said:

"1182. Look here!"

Charley raised his head to find himself looking into the muzzle of a revolver.

"Miss Flynn!" he gasped. "Oh, gee!"

"Not Miss Flynn, but a detective, here to arrest you!" cried Alice, at the same time displaying her shield.

The angel staggered to his feet.

CHAPTER XII.—Conclusion.

Old King Brady was overboard in the lake, and Old King Brady could not swim. He did not go floundering about, which would have put a finish to his career in short order. He knew better than that, and being the coolest man alive in moments of danger, when he came up out of the water he never made a move. And it was well that it was so, for help was close at hand.

"Coming, Governor!" he heard a voice call very close to him. "Keep still now! I'm right on the job!"

It was Harry, of course. He had been watching, and he saw all that happened, but was not in time to prevent it. Lying on the deck was an empty crate, which had contained provisions of some kind. Harry seized it, flung the thing overboard, and dove after it without an instant's hesitation. He had little hope of saving the life of his chief then, and he came very near missing it as it was. For when he rose, caught his crate, and gave the call, Old King Brady threw up his hands and went down again. With sinking heart Harry swam for all he was worth, and when Old King Brady came up for the second time there his partner was close at his side.

"Catch the crate, Governor! Catch the crate!" shouted Harry.

There was no need to shout. Old King Brady was not deaf, but he was almost gone when he grabbed the crate, and lucky for him was it that he was cool enough not to grab Harry instead.

"My dear boy!" he gasped. "This is the time that scoundrel was too many for us!"

"Getting your wind?"

"Oh, yes, pretty well."

They clung to the crate, both remaining silent for a few minutes. The situation was despairing enough. The Swallow was now well away from them. Harry turned his head to see how far

THE BRADYS AND THE FATAL LETTER

had got, and as he did so he caught sight of a small sailing craft, which was in the act of passing the tug heading their way. He now called Old King Brady's attention to it, saying:

"I don't want to raise your hopes, Governor, but there is a little yacht coming this way."

"Is there!" cried Old King Brady, looking around. "Yes; you are right. Well, I don't know that it is going to help us much, then. There isn't one chance in a million that we can attract the attention of those on board in the darkness."

"Still we must make a try for it."

"Surely, Harry. If I dared let go even with one hand long enough to get that whistle of mine out of my pocket, we might hail them that way."

"I'll get it."

Harry let go, moved around the crate, and treading water, got the whistle. And Harry sounded his whistle. Again and again he blew it. Whether the sound was heard on board the yacht or not it was impossible to tell, but at all events the little craft came steadily on. At last it drew so near that Harry could make out two figures in the cockpit. We have called the craft a yacht, but in truth it was hardly worthy of the name, being not much more than a large sailboat.

"They must hear us!" cried Harry, as he blew again.

Then suddenly there came an answering whistle. Now this whistle of Old King Brady's sounded a peculiar note. It had been made for him to order. Harry and Alice usually carried similar whistles, but Harry had recently lost his. So far as the Bradys were aware there were no other such whistles in existence.

"Great Scott! Do you hear that, Governor!" exclaimed Harry. "It can't be Alice!"

"I'd like to bet high it is no one else then?" cried Old King Brady, twisting his head around.

"Surely it is a woman, Harry!" he said.

The yacht was now close upon them, and in a minute the mystery was solved. Alice it was, sure enough! Alice and the captured angel! She gave them the hail.

"Mr. Brady! Can that be you?" she cried.

"Here we are, Alice!" shouted Harry. "Come on, quick! The Governor is almost drowned."

But Old King Brady was very far from being drowned, thanks to the friendly crate, and he was really quite chipper when he clambered on board the yacht.

"And who have we here?" he exclaimed. "As I live, it seems to be the missing messenger boy, 1182!"

"Dat's who it is," replied the angel; adding, unblushingly:

"I'm helping out dis lady detective; an' say, I'm glad to have de chanst to help Old King Brady once."

Danger over, explanations followed.

"Well, young man, you seem to have made a good start to the penitentiary," said Old King Brady then. "One would have supposed that the experience you had on that ladder would have set you thinking."

"And so it did set me a-thinkin', boss," replied the angel; "a-thinkin' how I could get hold of some of Hiram Anderson's boodle. I guess any feller woulde done de same. But youse win an'

I lose, so dere hain't no use in sayin' anoder woid."

"He is incorrigible," said Alice. "I have tried my hand on him, but I had to give it up. He won't even tell how he got to Plum Island."

"I got dere in a boat, an' dat's all I've gotter say," chimed in 1182.

"Question now is what to do," broke in Harry. "Do we go back after Lovett, or what?"

"We certainly do," replied Old King Brady. "He has got half a million dollars of the Anderson bank's money stowed away somewhere, and we naturally want it. Take hold and relieve Alice now, Harry; turn back, and we will see what we can do. Meanwhile I'll tackle this box with my skeleton keys."

And Old King Brady tackled the box to such a good advantage that he soon had it open. The box was stuffed full of gold coins and gold notes to the amount of half a million dollars. And now it was the back track to Plum Island. The Swallow was found anchored in the cove around the bend of the Rooster's Neck. The Bradys went aboard and routed up the pudding-headed engineer, and the deck hand, neither of whom had much to say.

"You fight with us, my friends, or you will both land in the stone jug," said Old King Brady.

Alice had been left with the messenger boy to guard the treasure. The Bradys effected a quiet entrance at the rear, and burst in the front parlor, where Lovett and Arabella Flynn were laying down the law to the Huxleys, whom they believed had secured the treasure. The descent was as effectual as it was sudden. Lovett and Huxley were handcuffed after a brief resistance, and with the two women were taken aboard the Swallow.

"Why, where is the messenger boy?" Harry exclaimed as they came aboard, for 1182 was nowhere to be seen.

"Well, I am ashamed to say he gave me the slip," replied Alice. "While my back was turned he jumped overboard."

And this was the last that was ever seen of the angel. The messenger boy got away with a secret after all. The secret of his own whereabouts, for certain it is, he was never seen around Chicago again. But as one of the rowboats turned up missing before the Swallow sailed, it was assumed that Charley got away in that. It was back to Chicago then, and the prisoners were jailed. Lovett broke down, once he found himself behind the bars, and the result was a confession, and the disgorging of half a million. Later he went to Joliet, but as there was no charge on which Arabella Flynn could be held she went free. The Huxleys got a year in jail, and the Anderson bank receiver got a large sum, while the detectives got a substantial reward.

But alas for the poor bank depositors! The receiver, having received his money, promptly decamped with the whole business. If he was ever caught the detectives never heard of it. It was but a poor ending for the case of "The Bradys and the Fatal Letter."

Next week's issue will contain "THE BRADYS AFTER THE BRIDGE RUSHERS; or, ROUNDING UP THE PICKPOCKETS."

CURRENT NEWS

BERLIN BURNS ITS DEAD

It costs less to be burned than to be buried in Germany—hence 35 per cent. of the dead of Berlin are now being cremated. Already the bodies of more than 200,000 Germans have been reduced to ashes in the various crematories. The bigger crematories of Berlin to-day are working 24 hours daily in eight-hour shifts.

LARGEST THERMOMETER

The largest thermometer in the world has been erected on the boardwalk near Michigan avenue, Atlantic City. It is fifty feet high, enabling promenaders a mile away to read the temperature. The mercury in the tube is ten inches wide and is operated by a system of small thermometers with electrical relays. Lights on the board indicate the temperature accurately and automatically.

FALCON FIGHTS A SEAMAN

When the Cunarder Albania, from London, was in midocean during a fierce hailstorm a big bird sought refuge on the mainmast.

Donald McDonald, able seaman and amateur ornithologist, recognized the bird as an unusually

large specimen of the peregrine falcon, known to some Americans as the duck hawk, and he went aloft after it. It is regarded as one of the swiftest and pluckiest of its breed, once much used in falconry, and it put up a gallant fight, clawing and pecking so badly that McDonald needed surgical attention after he brought the bird back to deck. He said it has a wing spread of four feet and a body twenty inches long. He will present it to the Bronx Zoo.

WOLF BOUNTIES BOUGHT HIS FARM

The world's record as a wolf and coyote hunter is claimed by Adam Lesmeister of Harvey, Pierce county, North Dakota, who in the last twenty-five years has slain nearly 9,000 of these animals in North and South Dakota. He has receipts to show that during the twenty-five years he has collected \$24,612.50 in bounties in the two States, more than \$21,000 coming from North Dakota. In addition he has been hired especially to kill the predatory animals by numerous ranchers. Lesmeister is the owner of a splendid farm near Harvey which he built up from bounties collected on the wolves and coyotes.

Oh, You Radiophans

Listen! Do you like the radio articles in this number? All right! If you do, show this weekly to your friends. Let them get in on it. We'd like to have them read this publication. You know we want them for new customers. Show 'em your copy and tell 'em what dandy radio stuff it contains. From time to time we are going to tell you how to make radios that won't cost much. There's a whole lot of fake radio hook-ups on the market. Spend your good money trying to make them, and you find they're N. G. The kind we give you are the genuine ones. Watch this page. Pretty soon we are going to publish an explanation of how to make a crackerjack little receiver cheap as dirt.

One Boy Against Many

— OR —

RIGHTING A WRONG

By TOM FOX

(A Serial Story)

CHAPTER IV.

Learning The City.

"No, you're not," Sallie said decisively. "I won't let you run yourself down. But it's getting on in the afternoon; hadn't we better look for a place to live? Then, when we are settled we can look for work. You see, I must be business-like, because I am starting life on borrowed capital." The girl spoke with quiet energy, but her large, dark eyes sparkled gaily.

"All right," Shepherd returned, jumping to his feet and gathering up the girl's suit-case. "You were lucky not to lose your suit-case as well as your purse. I lost both."

"But I thought you said you saved the most of your money?"

"I did. Fortunately I had put it in a secret pocket that the thieves didn't discover."

"Where will we look for rooms?" Sallie asked. "I don't know one place from another."

"I don't know either," Shepherd returned blankly.

For a moment the two young people stood disconcerted. It had dawned on both of them how alone and aloof they were in this big city.

"We might ask some one," Sallie suggested.

"I don't know," Shepherd returned uneasily. "We might be inviting trouble. I think we had better go out on one of these side streets and walk by the houses. We'll see a sign for rent on the doors, then we can inquire."

"That is certainly practical," Sallie approved.

They started in a rather uncertain way to make their exit out of the large park. They headed for the elevated terminal, as they had entered from that direction.

"Hello!" some one accosted them in a laughing voice. "You've found yourself," the speaker quizzed.

Shepherd turned to look into the pleasant eyes of the conductor who had offered to help him out on the elevated train.

"Hello, yourself," he returned heartily. "Say, I am puzzled. Perhaps you can help me out. I am looking for a clean, cheap place to board."

"Sure thing," the conductor returned. Then he looked sharply at Sallie. "Do you want one or two rooms?" he asked suddenly.

"I want two rooms with board," Shepherd answered severely. He had noted the suspicious look and hastened to disarm it. "One for myself and one for my friend, Miss Clark, whose story is a long one, but as unfortunate as my own."

"If that's the case," the conductor commented quickly, "I can give you the street I live in. It's

respectable and cheap. I don't know any special number, but you go up East Eighteenth street and you will see signs out in many windows. All you have to do is to talk with the landlady and look at the vestibule. If she doesn't talk too much, and the vestibule is clean, you'd better take the place."

"Thanks; I'll do that," Shepherd returned gratefully, and raised his hat in return to the other's gallantry as they went their different ways.

"How do we get to East Eighteenth street?" Sallie asked anxiously.

Shepherd looked crestfallen.

"Say, I am green!" he cried. "Why didn't I ask him? He's gone out of sight, too. Say, but this is some crowd."

"There's a policeman, ask him, Mr. Shepherd," Sallie urged quickly, as a bluecoat came in sight.

"I will if you won't call me mister," the boy responded. "I feel as though we had never met when you say mister."

"Very well," Sallie laughed. "You ask the policeman and I'll call you anything you say."

"That's a go," the youth returned, and quickly did as he was bidden.

"Take a Broadway car and ride till you reach Eighteenth street. Then get off and walk east," the officer directed.

When they had taken their seats, Shepherd remarked: "This is my first ride in a street car. When I've had a ride in the subway, I'll be an experienced traveler."

"You don't really mean that you never rode in a street car before?" Sallie remarked curiously.

"My very first," the boy repeated, solemnly. "You didn't know you were falling into the hands of such a rube, did you?"

"You're no rube!" Sallie flashed indignantly. "I prophesy that you will be as sophisticated in a year as if you had been born here. You have a lot of common sense."

"I've got plenty of what we call in our town horse sense, still I was everlastingly fooled by that smooth fellow, who got away with some of my wealth this morning."

In as few words as possible, Shepherd related what had befallen him from the time he had left the Pennsylvania station till he had met her at the Battery.

"How odd!" the girl cried in surprise, when he had finished.

"Yes, it was odd for me to fall so easily into the fellow's trap."

Sallie flushed a rosy red.

"I didn't mean that, and you know it," she pouted.

"No, you didn't mean it, but it's the truth just the same," Shepherd returned ruefully.

"I meant it was odd that both of us should have arrived at the Pennsylvania station this morning. I came in from Michigan. A woman talked with me on the train. She invited me to go home with her and was ever so nice to me. I would have gone with her, but I was afraid of the man that met her at the station. They tried to make me get into a carriage with them. The man grabbed hold of me and tried to push me in. I jerked away and ran toward a policeman."

(To be continued.)

HERE AND THERE

PET DOG FINDS LOST \$450.

The pet dog of Mrs. Snowden Maslin of 428 Highland avenue, Chester, Pa., brought back a roll of bills worth \$450, with which it had been playing for several days, quite unmindful of its mistress's frantic search for the money. Mrs. Maslin dropped the money last week while doing her housework.

ANCIENT "SKULL" PROVES A STONE

The supposed skull of the tertiary period found in Patagonia is simply a curiously shaped stone and of no scientific value, according to an announcement made by a committee of scientists of the Buenos Aires and La Plata museums of natural history, which has carefully examined it.

The supposed skull was discovered some time ago by Prof. J. G. Wolfe of La Plata University while in Patagonia. It was in the possession of a settler, who said he had found it near the sea and had taken it with him to the interior of Patagonia. Professor Wolfe, accompanied by Dr. Elmer S. Riggs of the Field Museum, Chicago, started for Patagonia recently to re-examine the object.

LIVED IN CHURCH TO SAVE

James M. King, who said he was a draughtsman of Salt Lake City, explained to policemen at Long Beach, Cal., that his action was caused by "high rents."

The police saw a light in a Methodist church at a time of night when no light should have been there. They found King frying ham and eggs over a small stove.

At the police station, where King was taken for investigation, the police said they found a considerable sum of money on him and a bank book showing deposits of \$1,500 in a Utah bank.

"Well," King is quoted, "it's the way; rents are so high I decided to live in the church for a while. I've slept there several nights and cooked my meals in the church kitchen."

INDIAN GIRL MARRIES

Miss Susie Meek belongs to the Sacand-Fox tribe and is a college graduate, and was living in her home in Oklahoma when recently she married Philip Frazer, of the Sioux tribe, and they will shortly make their home on the Sioux Reservation in South Dakota. After graduation Mrs. Frazer specialized in work among Indian girls in Indian schools. As soon as Mr. Frazer graduates from a theological school in Chicago they will begin their work on the reservation. Both Mr. and Mrs. Frazer will give lectures, dressed in Indian costumes, the programs will also be Indian, and the proceeds are to help defray his college expenses until he graduates. She says, "Indians of to-day desire higher education and the responsibilities of citizenship, and we want the people to know the real Indian of to-day, especially the young, who are eager for progress."

WORKERS GET BONUS FOR BABIES

Ten dollars per baby, \$20 for twins and a special bonus of \$50 for triplets.

This is the standing offer of the Washburn Wire Company in East 118th street, New York, to its 700 employees. It is claimed the record of a bonus for babies, which was commenced in September, 1919, is better than that of the Monongahela Power and Railway Company, which recently announced in the *World* that it would present \$5 to each baby born to an employee during 1923.

During this period 230 male employees of the Washburn Wire Company have successfully claimed the bonus on behalf of their wives. The company employs only a few married women. Nine of these have received \$10 each. There have been four sets of twins, but no triplets. A director of the company laughingly told the *World* that they would have to hold a special board meeting to consider the size of the bonus in the event of quadruplets or quintuplets.

When the happy event takes place the mother receives ten new \$1 bills. The Hospital and Welfare Committee of the company delivers it to the wife at her home with a letter of congratulation from the President, Eugene R. Phillips.

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INTERESTING RADIO NEWS

RADIO AND WEATHER

Relation of weather conditions to radio audibility is a point of interest to the broadcasting stations and to thousands of radio listeners.

As a result of work done by Nebraska Wesleyan University based on thunder storm reports furnished by the Weather Bureau, the investigators reached the conclusion that there is no relation between barometric pressure and audibility. High static audibility and a near-by thunder storm area, however, tend to reduce the audibility at the receiving station.

TRANS-ATLANTIC BROADCASTING

What is reported to be a successful attempt to bridge the Atlantic with a radiophone talk was recently made by the WOR station of L. Bamberger & Sons of Newark, N. J. The person who spoke into the transmitter was Sir Thomas Lipton, who was in the United States at that time. The speech was sent out on the usual 400-meter wave length, since WOR is a Class B radio broadcaster. Considerably more power than usual was employed for this attempt. The speech of Sir Thomas Lipton, as well as a vocal selection, were picked up and heard in the Selfridge store in London.

LIFEBOATS WITH RADIOS

When the giant liner Leviathan is turned over by the Newport News Shipbuilding and Dry Dock Co. to the United States Shipping Board the lifeboats will be unique among such boats the world over, for they will be completely equipped with a wireless sending apparatus. The big ship has two lifeboats.

The Leviathan carried thousands of our soldier boys across the water during the World War and there were no disasters, but there might have been. Now, if there should be, the radio would send its call to reach any vessel or port within a radius of 50 miles. Each boat is 35 feet long and is driven by a 75-horsepower motor.

AS TO AERIALS

An inverted "L" type of aerial gives you much better results than the "T" type, but, of course, there are local conditions where it is impossible to erect an "L" type of aerial. The value of the "T" type is that it receives equally well from all directions. It does not matter if the aerial is not level. In other words, it can be higher at one end than at the other without interfering with its efficiency. With a crystal detector set any one can easily add three pairs of telephones and might, under certain circumstances, be able to add more. The correct manner to put them in the circuit is in series with each other. They must not, under any circumstances, be put in parallel.

ETHER VIBRATES WORDS

Little do people realize that the air is continually vibrating with words traveling along through the homes of all at the speed of 186,000 miles a second. The naval communications service transmitted about 4,500,000 words during the first quarter of the fiscal year 1923. The navy's part of this number was 3,000,000. The next largest user was the Department of Agriculture with nearly 500,000 words.

In the calendar year the navy handled a total of 15,768,308 words for the Government through its shore stations. Naval orders and dispatches took up 10,884,217 words and the balance of nearly 5,000,000 words was for other departments. Sixteen different bureaus used the naval radio service, including the White House and the House of Representatives.

RADIO PLUGS IN EACH ROOM

In keeping with the rapid progress of the radio movement, it will soon be possible to "listen in" from rooms of a large hotel in Minneapolis, Minn., which has contracted for the connecting of each of several hundred rooms with radio plugs. The guests will not have to invest in a receiving set, as headphones may be rented for a small fee from the clerk's office.

According to the plan of engineers who have worked on the scheme for several weeks, a massive aerial and three power receiving stations will be equipped in one of the top floors of the hotel. Each room will have a radio plug connected to one of the three receiving sets. Feasibility of the plan was proved recently when more than 100 rooms listened in on one concert.

The guest who wishes radio entertainment may call the office and a set of phones will be sent to him. Once connected in the plug, the set cannot be removed until released by a hotel employee, thus insuring against theft by any unscrupulous guest. A small fee is added to the hotel bill for the use of the receiving phones.

A GOOD LIGHTNING ARRESTER

A lightning arrester, approved by the Underwriters' Laboratories, which will operate at a potential of 500 watts, is required, supplied with a proper ground of at least equal sized wire attached to a water pipe or connecting device buried in permanent moisture. A pipe driven down beside the building is not sufficient for a severe shock. A sheet of brass or copper three feet square deposited in the earth serves as a good ground. The wire should be attached to the pipe by an approved clamp as the permanency of a soldered connection is questionable.

The lightning arrester, if possible, should be installed on the outside of the building and near to the point where the wire to the radio receiver enters the building. The ground wire from the

lightning arrester should be carried as nearly in a straight line to the ground as possible. The lightning arrester should be away from the possibilities of gas, coal deposits, curtain or other combustible material. Proper groundings may be secured by attachment to the steel frames of large buildings or other grounded metallic work. The rules do not provide for installation of fuses or switches. If these are installed, they should be located on the lines between the lightning arrester and the receiving set. In no case should the ground wire be connected to gas pipes. During a lightning storm the set should be grounded so the static will have a direct path to the ground.

INCREASING HEARING RANGE

Radio amateurs who are unable to erect a satisfactory antenna, for any one of a score of reasons, may greatly improve the strength of their concerts or increase their hearing range by means of radio frequency amplification or a combination of both.

In cases where the receiving station is near the transmitting station the energy received is usually sufficient to reproduce sounds without radio amplification. When the receiving station is more remote the signal must be built up, or amplified, before it passes through the detector and the stages of audio amplification. If radio amplification is not used audio frequency amplification in these cases is frequently of little use.

The radio frequency method of amplification increases the strength of the incoming antenna currents through successive stages until it becomes of sufficient intensity to enable detection to take place. With the addition of one or two stages of audio frequency amplification a current of sufficient strength will be generated to actuate either telephone receivers or loud-speaking devices. In the circuit of the Radio Corporation of America there is introduced the corporation's radio frequency transformer, suitable for amplification of signals of both long and short wave lengths.

It has not been possible in former attempts to obtain radio frequency amplification to get the best results on certain wave lengths without sacrificing others.

With one model of the new transformer a range of from 200 to 5,000 metres is provided, while on the other model a range of from 5,000 to 25,000 metres is obtained.

In the circuit the antenna is turned to the wave length of the desired signal and this signal is amplified through the primary of a standard receiving set connected to the plate circuit of the last radio frequency amplifier tube. It is then transferred through the secondary circuit to the detector tube, in which regeneration may be accomplished and controlled as desired.

One decided advantage of using this circuit is that oscillators in the detector tube circuit cannot find their way back through the radio frequency amplifier to the antenna circuit. This prevents the antenna from radiating energy, preventing a common source of interference between several receiving sets located near one another.

If a potentiometer is not used the filament rheostat should be placed in the positive leg of the filament circuit instead of the negative.

A NEW RADIO ALPHABET

Announcement was made recently by Major-General George O. Squire, chief signal officer of the army, of the invention of a new universal alphabet for use in radio, land lines and submarine cables.

Attempt will be made to perfect the invention, General Squire said, and to have it considered and adopted at the next international conference of experts on the radio and telephone.

This invention, which already has been tried out by the Signal Service, and a form of which actually has been transmitted over the cables by the British post-office, is 2.65 times faster than the international code perfected by Professor Morse more than eighty years ago.

He said that the increasing use of ether lanes has given rise to necessity for their conservation, and that the proposed improvement in the sending of messages not only would make it possible to send messages faster, but also would help to clear the ether of disturbances which interfere with any form of radio receiver yet devised.

The proposed new alphabet does not contemplate an actual change at present in the Morse alphabet as regards the combinations of dots, dashes and spaces assigned to each letter, but refers, General Squires said, "to the study of the correct method of sending these combinations in and circuit, whether radio, land lines or submarine cables. The problem is the same in each of these three branches, but it is much more serious in radio for the reason of the necessary broadcasting properties thereof."

Instead of sending a broken current, cut up into the clicks that may now be heard over the telegraph, General Squire proposes to send an unbroken current through the wires and ether lanes and then proposes a means for interpreting this current into intelligible signals. The present state of experiment of this subject has justified his belief, General Squire says, that the new system will be universally adopted in time.

The manner in which the various signals sent in this unbroken current are distinguished is by varying the intensity of the individual sending elements. "That is," said General Squire, "a dot, dash or space occupied equal time elements, but were of different intensities."

It has been found that what is known as a sinusoidal wave is transmitted through any form of electrical circuit without distortion of any kind, and it is with the varying intensities of this wave that the invention deals.

General Squire also pointed out in the paper that his method of transmitting messages offers a plausible solution of the problem of interference and of static elimination, and also of multiplexing a single radio frequency channel.

BUILD YOUR OWN RADIO!

We will give the best directions soon. It's for the best set ever made.

SECRET SERVICE

NEW YORK, JUNE 8, 1923

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ITEMS OF INTEREST**REMEDY FOR TOOTHACHE**

A bad toothache, says a chemists journal, may be relieved quickly by means of a mixture of equal parts of benzyl, alcohol and chloroform. A few drops of the mixture are placed on a piece of cotton wool, and the saturated material is inserted into the tooth cavity. The action of the medicament is almost instantaneous and lasts for quite a long time, which is not the case with any other medicament, with the exception of cocaine.

"WAR PAINT" FLOWER

One of our earliest flowers is the bloodroot or Indian paint. Break the stem of flower or root and you discover the reason for the name, for there immediately flows from the wound a reddish fluid which somewhat resembles blood and will stain whatever it comes into contact with, says *Nature Magazine*. It is said that this juice was once used by the Indians as a war paint and, mixed with sugar, by mothers as a cure for their children's coughs and colds.

13 GAGGED CHILDREN SHIPPED IN BOXES

When marine police at Soochow, a canal port about sixty miles west of Shanghai, China, went aboard a junk and opened two boxes believed to contain dry goods, they found inside thirteen boys and girls, ranging in age from seven to twelve bound, gagged and consigned to Shanghai. An aged woman in charge of the boxes was arrested.

The discovery clears up numerous recent kidnappings and discloses that an organized band of abductors has been at work. The police were called when a passing boatman heard the smothered cry of a boy who had contrived to dislodge his gag.

TOWN IS TO BE SOLD TO HIGHEST BIDDER

An entire town, South Rosedale, Carr's Inlet, near Gig Harbor, Wash., is for sale to the highest bidder.

Forty years ago, H. E. White, famous Puget

Sound pioneer, while tramping across the hills, happened upon a valley where the temperature was unusually warm, where berries were ripe and roses bloomed weeks in advance of other adjacent sections. He decreed there should be a town. He gained title to the peninsula, built a home, store and a dock, and named the place South Roselade. For years the place was a profitable trading point and large quantities of merchandise were unloaded in exchange for the products of the land and woods. The founder passed on, but the town has since thrived.

The title passed to Woodburn MacDonald, who installed electric lights, telephones, power plant, warehouses, a plant conservatory, radio, new roads, and a flower park. He now announces the town is for sale.

LAUGHS

"What is the price of a half-pint bottle?" asked a prospective customer. "A nickel," answered the druggist, handing the desired article across the counter. "But it costs you nothing if I put something in it." "Then put in a cork, please," responded the customer.

An Irish contractor had the misfortune to run his car over an old man who had a bottle of bluing inside his coat. Jumping from his car and seeing the fluid rapidly staining the old fellow's breast, he cried to his friend: "Finnegan, it'll go harrud wid us! We've killed wan o' them blue-blooded Yankees!"

Tailor—The postal service is in a wretched condition. **Friend**—Never noticed it. **Tailor**—well, I have. During last month I sent out one hundred and eighty statements of account, with requests for immediate payment, and, so far as I can learn, not more than two of my customers received their letters.

Traveler, whose train had stopped at a town famous for its buns, beckoned to a small boy on the platform, and, giving him ten cents, told the little fellow to bring him a bun and buy one for himself with the other nickel. The boy soon returned. Calmly eating a bun he handed five cents to the astonished traveler, remarking: "There was only one left, boss."

A traveling theatrical company was starting to parade in a small New England town when a big gander from a farmyard near at hand waddled to the middle of the street and began to hiss. One of the double-in-brass actors turned toward the fowl and angrily exclaimed: "Don't be so quick to jump at conclusions. Wait till you see the show."

RADIO FANS!

A simple explanation of the way to make a wonderful one-lamp set will soon appear.

NEWS FROM EVERYWHERE

TREADING ON LIONS

While pursuing guinea fowl in the Orange River Colony a Britisher had a dangerous adventure with lions. He was stumbling along a rocky ridge when suddenly he trod on something soft and instinctively took a spring.

Before he could look around a fearful growling was heard and two lion cubs, about as large as spaniels, became visible, evidently in a fury at being so roughly disturbed. Next moment the Briton became aware of a lioness rapidly but cautiously making for him.

There was no time to put bullets into the gun and he quickly decided to stand still till it became clear that the lioness meant to seize him. Then, as a last chance, he would send a charge of shot at her head in the hope of blinding her at least.

In a few moments the brute was within four yards or so of him, growling and showing her teeth. He wished himself anywhere but there, but forced himself to stand motionless.

Luckily the cubs joined their dam and she halted to notice them a moment. She came on a few steps, looking ugly, but halted again, then turned slowly around and, followed by the cubs, made for a huge boulder twenty yards distant and lay down behind it, as he could see by the tail tuft which protruded beyond the rock.

Then the Britisher's hunting blood was up. He loaded his gun, kicked off his shoes and climbed the great boulder. He was within three yards of the lioness, which instantly discovered him and crouched to charge. Taking careful aim at her breast, the man fired and killed her.

The "boys" at the wagon heard the firing and came up. The two cubs were soon caught, at the expense of a few bites and scratches. They took the creatures to camp, where they were kept for several months. They were eventually sold to an American skipper.

CANADA BUILDING GOOD ROADS

Highways are being flung across Canada. Vast agricultural tracts that sprawl out from Winnipeg to the Rockies are becoming a network of roads that stretch like thin white ribbons to the horizon.

Canada believes that good roads are as essential of rapid agricultural and industrial expansion. The Canadian government, accordingly, has appropriated \$20,000,000 to be used in construction of main highways and market roads. It is to cover operations for five years.

Under the terms provinces initiate and carry out the road building and the dominion government, on approval of the plans, contributes 40 per cent. of the cost. This guarantees standardization of roadways and places only 60 per cent. of the expense on the provinces. Results are most gratifying.

The general campaign includes international automobile roads which will cement even more closely the trade relations between the United States and Canada. A highway from Ottawa to

Sarnia, across the river to Port Huron, where the Victory highway cuts across Michigan, is being laid out by the Ontario Highway Association. This links up with the Lincoln highway, which crosses the Jefferson highway near Ames, Iowa. The Jefferson highway runs from New Orleans to Winnipeg, "the trail from the pines to the palms."

WHERE DOES COLUMBUS REST?

The dispute over the final resting place of the mortal remains of Christopher Columbus has broken out with renewed vigor.

Thirty years ago the Spanish Academy of History after an investigation alleged to be exhaustive decided that the body of America's discoverer lay in the Cathedral of Seville. But this decision authoritative as was its source, did not quiet the dispute.

Santo Domingo refused to accept it. The historians of that island contended that the body of Christopher Columbus rests in the Santo Domingo cathedral. With the launching of a project to erect on the island a Columbus monument in the form of a lofty artistically designed lighthouse the controversy became more spirited.

Now comes another authority on Spanish history, Enrique Deschamps, making the unqualified assertion that Santo Domingo is right and the Spanish Academy of History wrong. When, in 1795, Mr. Deschamps says, the Spaniards were driven from Santo Domingo by the French they took with them to Havana a leaden casket supposed to contain the body of Columbus. But, in the opinion of Mr. Deschamps, this casket did not contain the body of Columbus but that of Columbus's son Diego. The sepulchers of father and son were close together in the cathedral, and in making the transfer the son's casket and not that of the father was taken to Havana and from there to Spain.

In corroboration of this assertion Mr. Deschamps avers that when the flooring of the Santo Domingo cathedral was replaced recently a leaden casket was found bearing the inscription: "The Illustrious and Enlightened Don Christobal Colon." The Seville cathedral casket bears no mark of identification, although the tomb has been inscribed by the Spanish authorities as that of Christopher Columbus. In the light of the Santo Domingo discovery Mr. Deschamps requests the Spanish Government to relabel the Seville sepulcher by substituting the name Diego for that of Christopher.

There the matter rests at present. But the debate is not ended. Controversies of this kind never end. Poor old Christopher! It seems that his ghost is destined to be the Flying Dutchman of tempestuous seas of controversy for all time. So much the more reason for building a lighthouse monument to his memory.

COMING SOON!

Directions to build a Flewelling radio set. Don't miss reading it.

INTERESTING NEWS ARTICLES

EIFFEL TOWER FOR LONDON

London is going to get abreast of Paris on its new tower—which is to be 600 feet high and built of concrete—at Womby, the seat of the British Empire Exposition. It is not quite as high as the Woolworth Building in New York, but the proposed structure will give visitors to the exposition a panoramic view of the country for hundreds of square miles. It will be surmounted by a search light so powerful that it can be seen from the coast of France.

Visitors will be taken up the town in a giant cage, which will rotate around the exterior at the rate of 14 miles an hour. Engineers predict that they will be able to see the lights of Birmingham, 115 miles from London, from the top.

QUEER "SWIMMERS"

Southern Kansas has in the past suffered from drought, hot winds, cyclones, grasshoppers, buffalo gnats, and various things to torment hunters, but the latest is found in Barbour County and is neither fish, flesh, nor reptile, although a mixture.

The report which comes says this thing is half fish, half reptile, and is creating havoc in a pond on a farm near Medicine Ledge, as the pond is alive with them, and several cows have died from being bitten by the creatures, which, some say, are a species of salamander. They have heads shaped like those of mud catfish, but have four legs and feet. The tail is long and flat. The fish-reptile swims by use of its tail, but at the bottom of the pond crawls on its legs. Just behind the head it has long feelers much heavier than those of a catfish.

WHERE THE DAY CHANGES

A great many people cannot see why when a man crosses the international date line in the Pacific Ocean, if he goes toward the east he loses a day, and if toward the west he gains a day—that is, if it, say, happens to be Tuesday just this side, if he crosses to the west it will be Monday. The distance he may have actually gone need be only a few feet, but it is true nevertheless. The actual time may be only a second's difference.

To understand this remember that we go from Monday to Tuesday at 12 o'clock at night—jump immediately from one day to another. Consider also that if a man could travel toward the east as fast as the earth rotates and if he started at midday with the sun directly overhead, he would go completely around the earth in no solar time at all, for the sun would always be just over his head and to him it would be 12 o'clock all the time if he measured time by the position of the sun. He would not experience any night at all and so would have 24 hours of sun-light. But it has actually taken him 24 hours to get around, so the time when he reached his starting place again would be 12 o'clock noon all

right, but would be a day later than when he started.

So it can be readily seen that some meridian on the earth's surface must be picked out as the starting point of a new day, and the chosen one lies almost entirely in the Pacific Ocean.

THE CREEKS RAPIDLY DISAPPEARING

The country around the lower stretch of the Nelson River was flat and insipid. It had long ago been stripped of timber, and except for a tiny stretch around the settlement was muskeg, that is to say, a quaking marsh. All the game too had long vanished, as had the very fish in the river; with winter a supply of caribou meat might be expected, but at this time all at the post were reduced to canned food.

Outside the post, for a mile along the bank, were dotted the wigwams of the Indians. These people were here for the summer only, selling their furs, getting winter supplies, and would leave again for their distant trapping grounds early in the fall. Their women and children were now with them, and all, though shod with moccasins, wore their European dress. These Indians are Crees, and like the rest are wards of the Canadian Government. When Canada took their country she became responsible for their future. In particular, she pays each one yearly \$5 in cash, and, in the words of the treaty, this will be paid "while the sun shines and water flows."

But how long for them will the sun shine? They are dying out. They have not the "will to live." In a certain district within recent times there were thirty thousand Indians. To-day there are three thousand; and the tale is everywhere the same. Our ways are not for them. It was an evil summer when they took to European clothes. Liquor would wipe them out like a prairie fire; but to the great credit of Canada there is no liquor at all here. But they drink tea to excess. They smoke tobacco to excess. The women and the little children smoke. Some are tubercular. And they all keep dying. Poor feckless devils! Our people treat them kindly, and in their way they like and appreciate us.

They even despise us! Where is the white man who can hunt and trap and paddle and bear-burdens tirelessly as they. Where is he who has such eyesight, who can tell the weather, or the signs of bird, beast and fish? Where is the white man whose life they have not saved over and over again? They are honest and good natured, but their moral fiber has weakened. They loaf and slouch around the posts, and have the mentality of emotional children, and their delicate, weathered faces will soon be but a memory.

WATCH FOR THIS!

Full directions to build a powerful radio set will soon appear in this Weekly.

**DRUM
WIRELESS
IN AFRICA**

The natives of Darkest Africa—from the Cape to Cairo and the Niger to the Nile—have had an efficient wireless system of their own for centuries.

It is quite as effective as that which spans the Atlantic and has an additional advantage of not being bothered by the weather.

A bark drum is the sending instrument, and the African's acutely attuned ear, the receiver. From village to village by a series of drum beats, not unlike the dots and dashes of a code, the natives convey current news, announcement of battles, warnings of approaching enemies or epidemics and other subjects of interest to jungle denizens.

"Kaffir drum wireless," as it is popularly known, is operated almost exclusively in the stillness of the night when a tap on a tightly drawn skin is heard for many miles. The most detailed code has been worked out, and the speed with which the native wireless works has often amazed Europeans.

At night villages talk with each other, exchange gossip, make inquiries and get replies—all through the drum wireless.

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read numbers on telephone pole miles away and see mountains on the moon," A. G. Palmer, Indianapolis, Indiana.

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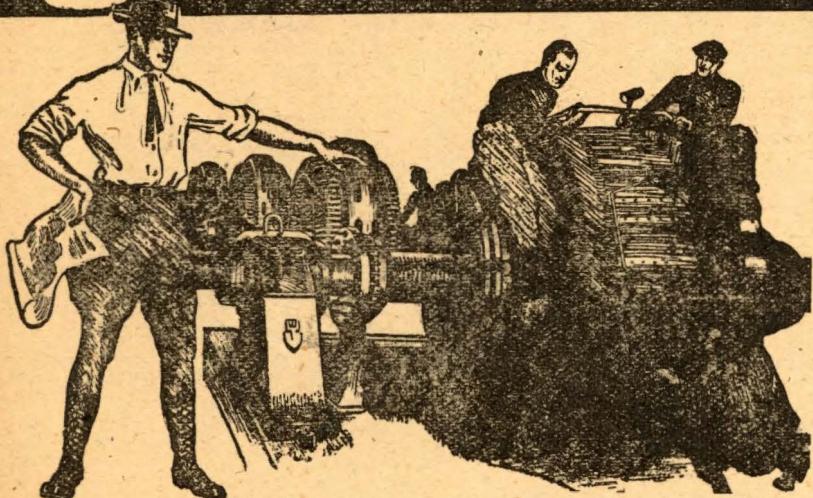
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